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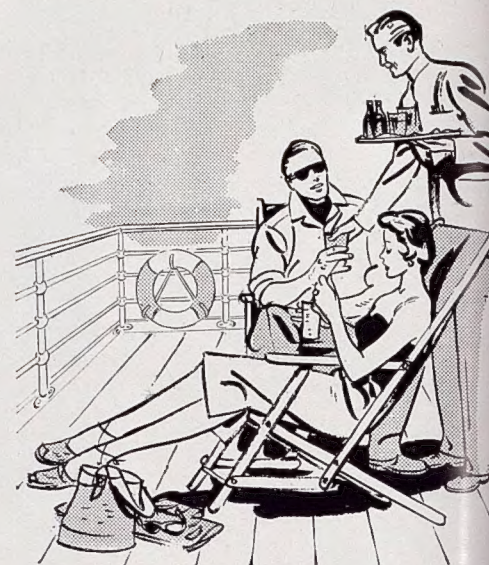
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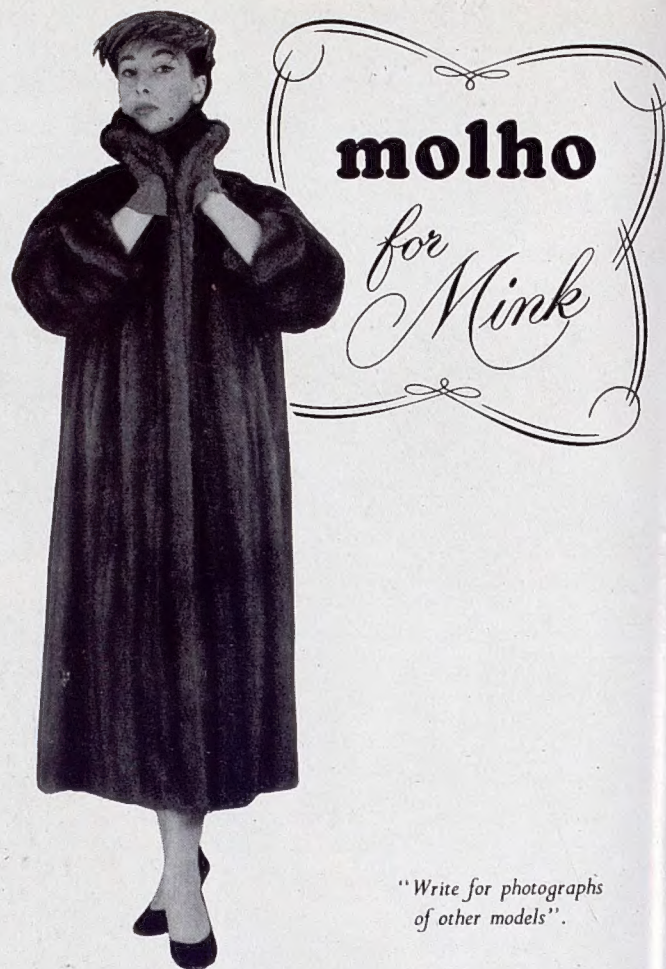
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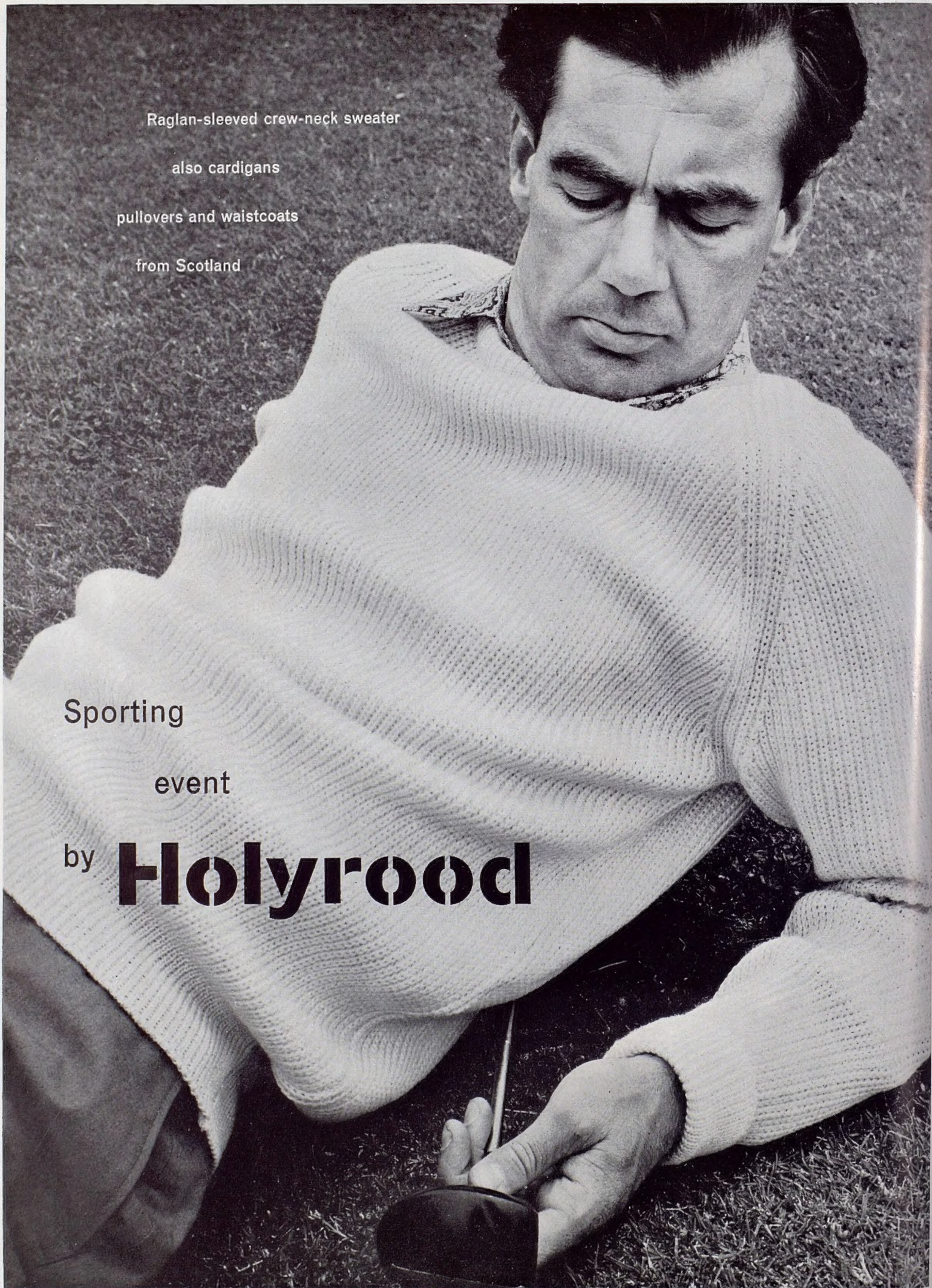
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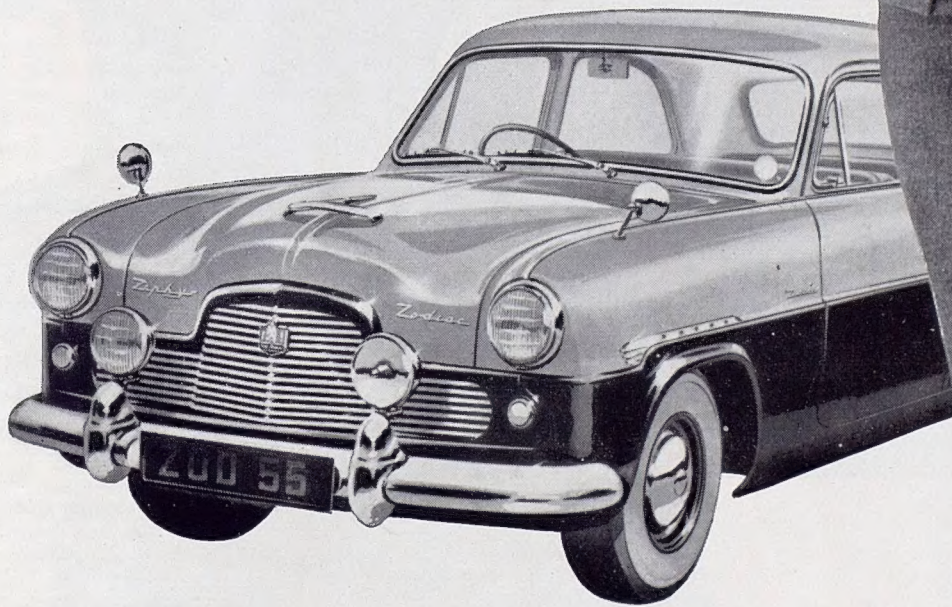
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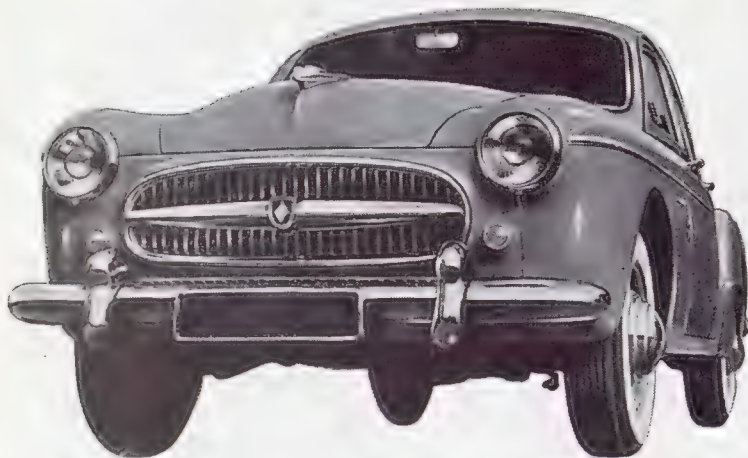


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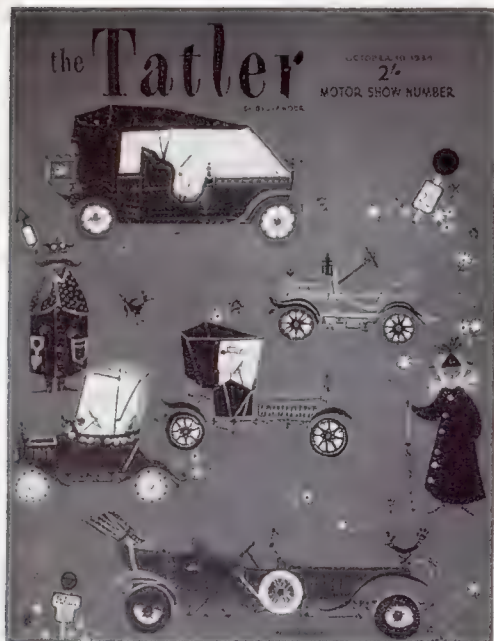


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Kensington 1909



JUDITH BLEDSOE, who designed our cover picture of veteran cars out to grass in a heavenly pasture, was born in Hollywood, Cal., but has been living in Europe for five years, the last nine months in England. She has made pictures since childhood—carefully avoiding academic training—and is particularly interested in painting children and seascapes (and, of course, motor cars). Her work was shown in Florence when she was there with her husband painting and making jewellery. She is now living in Hampstead

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From October 19 to October 26

Oct. 19 (Wed.) Princess Margaret visits the 1st Bn. of the H.L.I. at Bulford, Salisbury Plain, to present new Colours to the Regiment, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief.

Opening of the International Motor Show at Earls Court (October 19 to October 29).

Racehorse Owners Association Dinner and Dance at Dorchester Hotel.

Oct. 20 (Thurs.) The Queen and Prince Philip visit Cambridge to open the University's new Veterinary School.

Trafalgar Fair in aid of the British Sailor's Society, at Londonderry House.

National Association of Boys' Clubs dinner at Claridge's.

Oct. 21 (Fri.) The Queen unveils the National Memorial to King George VI.

The Bryanston Society biennial dinner and ball at Hurlingham.

The Grafton Hunt autumn dance at Badby House, near Daventry.

Newbury Races Ball at Corn Exchange, Newbury.

El Alamein Reunion at Empire Pool, Wembley.

Racing at Newbury (two days).

Moreton Morrell Real Tennis Court Dance at Moreton House, Warwickshire.

Oct. 22 (Sat.) Princess Margaret opens new Church Community Centre of St. Nicholas and All Hallows, East India Dock.

Ball and Fashion Show at Queen's Hotel, Cheltenham, in aid of Spastic Children.

Oct. 23 (Sun.) The Queen and Prince Philip attend a service at St. Paul's Cathedral to celebrate the Jubilee of the Annual National Service for Seafarers.

Oct. 24 (Mon.) First night of the Classical Theatre of China at the Palace Theatre.

Oct. 25 (Tues.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attends the Opening of the 69th Annual Dairy Show and National Honey Show at Olympia.

H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, attends the Victoria League Festival Hall Concert.

Newmarket Houghton meeting (four days).

Oct. 26 (Wed.) Barbecue Ball at Grosvenor House, Bachelor's Ball at Hyde Park Hotel.

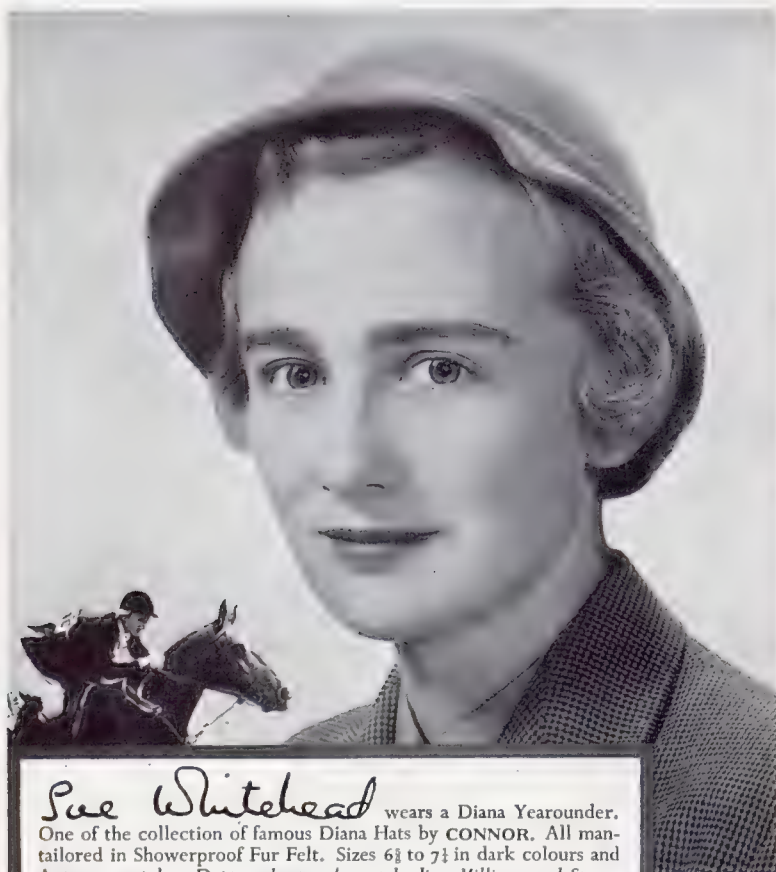
Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother opens Reading Technical College.

The Cambridgeshire run at Newmarket.

First night of *The Queen and the Rebels* at the Haymarket Theatre, with Irene Worth; and of *The Short Spring* at the New Lindsey Theatre.

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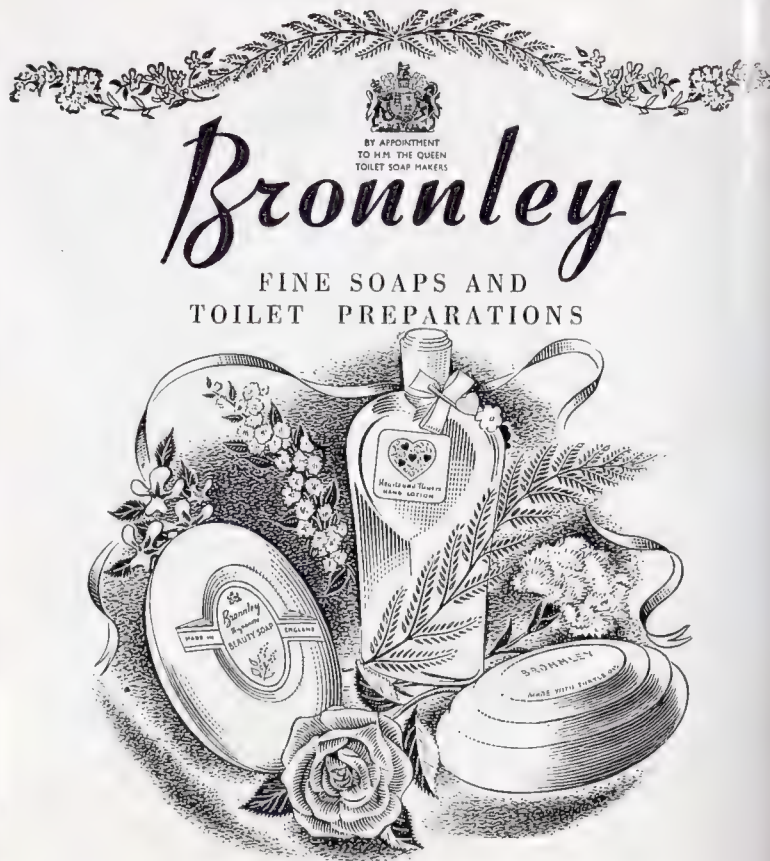
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Miss Whitehead appears by courtesy of the British International Equestrian Fund



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EARLS COURT STAND No. 160



O'Lara's Alarming Dream

"I'M WRITING a book about Ireland and they'll want to know what business the country does."

"Haven't we Guinness?" said O'Lara. "And what do we want with any more business than that? Don't they pay millions in taxes?"

And then a troubled look came over his face.

"Begob," he said, "I've nearly given up drinking it."

"Why's that?" I gasped.

"Because of a dream I had," said O'Lara, "after drinking no more nor a bottle. And then I went to bed and I had the dream."

"What was the dream?" I asked.

"Begob," he said, "It was terrible. I dreamed that I walked down to the shore of the sea one evening; I don't know what I was doing there, but I walked down to the shore; and it was somewhere near Dublin, for I could see the Wicklow mountains. And it wasn't night, for there was still some light in the sky; but it was getting late. And the shore was crowded with people all looking out to sea. And I said 'What's the matter, boys?' And one or two of them answered, 'It is the end' and went on looking out to sea. So I looked too, in my dream. And I saw the horizon all dark with the smoke of ships, and the people staring at them as though the end of the world were

there. 'Begob,' I said to myself, 'it's the English fleet, and those great big shells will be coming soon.'

"For the smoke was tearing up and the sky was black as thunder.

"Is it the English fleet?" I said.

"But they had all gone silent, and wouldn't speak any more.

"And then I saw that the ships were nearer than they looked in the evening. They weren't far away at all, and were quite small. And I took a man by the arm who was standing quite near me and I shook him, and said, 'Those little boats can't hurt us; sure, they're no bigger than Guinness' boats that do be on the Liffey.'

"And the man gave a great sigh and said, 'It is what they are.'

"And I cried out then, 'Ah, Boys, is it Guinness's going?'

"And I knew from the awful stillness that this was so.

"And I daren't have a sup of porter before going to bed any more, for fear would I get that dream."

"Oh, I wouldn't bother," I said. "It was only a dream."

For he looked so doleful, I had to say something to try to cheer him.

"It isn't the dream I mind," he said. "But all the truth that there is in it."

From "My Ireland", by Lord Dunsany.



LORD DUNSANY was born in 1878 and succeeded his father as 18th Baron in 1899. He fought in the South African and First World Wars, and it was after the former that plays and tales in his highly personal, yet distinctively Irish

idiom began to appear. He is among those who have tried to bring a more poetic diction to the stage, but it is perhaps his talent for the unlikely that has won him his widest public. Nothing could be more unlikely than O'Lara's dream.



Eric Coop

The Governor of Cyprus with Lady Harding

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING, who has been an immensely successful and popular Chief of the Imperial General Staff at a difficult time, has now been entrusted with the Governorship of the troubled island of Cyprus, and arrived in Nicosia earlier this month to take up his duties. Sir John is here seen with Lady Harding, formerly Miss Mary Rooke, of Knutsford. Their only son is serving in Malaya

MRS. M. RANDOLPH AND SUSANNA

MRS. Michael Randolph, formerly Miss Jenefer Scawen Blunt, only daughter of Brig. Jasper Scawen Blunt of Frittenden, Kent, is here with her eight-month-old daughter Susanna Jane. Mrs. Randolph's husband, who is a writer, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Randolph, of Wellington House, Haywards Heath, Sussex. They live in Drayton Gardens, S.W.



Michael Dunne

Social Journal

Jennifer

ROYAL GUEST AT EMPIRE BALL

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester attended the Empire Ball held at the Dorchester to raise funds for the Empire Rheumatism Council. She looked charming in a dress made of heavy cream lace over pale blue silk. With this she wore her beautiful turquoise and diamond necklace, clips and bracelet. The Duchess danced during the evening with the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, whose wife was chairman of the ball, and Sir George Wilkinson, who with Lady Wilkinson was a member of the ball committee. I saw Lady Wilkinson, wearing a gold satin dress, trying her luck at the tombola, where the Duchess of Gloucester was among the lucky prizewinners.

Sir George and Lady Wilkinson's son, Mr. David Wilkinson, and his very pretty wife who was in a pale pink dress, were with a party at another table, including Lord and Lady Hacking, the latter wearing a black lace dress.

There was not a very big attendance at this ball, so those keen on dancing had plenty of room on the dance floor all the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hawkins and Bobby Howes

were members of the theatrical world who gave the ball their support, while Larry Adler kindly came over from Paris to give a brilliant cabaret performance. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fisher, Mrs. Persse-Hudson, Mrs. Keville-Davies and Miss Paget were others there.

★ ★ ★

A SMALL luncheon party given by Rose Marchioness of Headfort at her home in Elsworthy Road for the Canadian pianist Malcolm Troup was honoured by the presence of H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. The Princess, who does so much to help young people with talent, last year recommended Malcolm Troup for a scholarship of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire. This is a Canadian organization of which Princess Alice is the Honorary President. The scholarship enabled Malcolm Troup to study on the Continent under Walter Gieseck, the famous German pianist.

After luncheon Mr. Troup gave a short recital, the first time he had had the honour of playing before Princess Alice. The programme

was of a rather varied nature, ranging from Bach to Gershwin! It included an almost unknown set of variations by Beethoven on "God Save The Queen," a composition he played in all his German concerts last autumn.

Among other music lovers who were guests at the luncheon were the Marquess of Carisbrooke, H.E. the Swedish Ambassador, Jessica Lady Forres, the Hon. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, and Lady Headfort's younger son Lord William Tylour. Soon after this luncheon party Mr. Troup left for Norway where he was to play as soloist with the Bergen Philharmonic.

★ ★ ★

It is always the greatest joy when the telephone rings and it proves to be a friend who has arrived from abroad. This has happened to me twice recently. The first time it was enchanting and beautiful Mme. Bianchi, wife of M. Manuel Bianchi, former Chilean Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, who was on her first visit to London from Chile since her husband retired from the Diplomatic Corps three years ago. The

Bianchi entertained superbly at the fine Embassy in Hamilton Place during the many years he was Ambassador, ending with being the Doyen at St. James's. M. Bianchi, who comes to Europe frequently on business, joined his wife over here this time for part of her stay, which for all her English friends was far too brief.

M. and Mme. Bianchi now make their home in Chile with their children, whom they hope to bring to England for several months in 1957.

Mme. Bianchi stayed for the two weeks she was here with her mother Mrs. Hart, at her delightful flat in Davies Street. Before returning to Chile by air she spent a few days in Paris and stayed there with the Persian Ambassador and Mme. Rais who were great friends of the Bianchis when M. Rais was also Ambassador in London.

My second call came from serene and lovely Mme. Berckmeyer, wife of the Peruvian Ambassador in Washington. She was making an even shorter stay here of only two days, as she and her husband were on their way back to Washington from Istanbul, where he had been attending the International Monetary Conference. Mme. Berckmeyer was one of the most loved and respected ladies of the Diplomatic Corps in London when her husband was Peruvian Ambassador here from 1946-49, and they have both made many friends in Washington since they took up residence in their magnificent Embassy there six years ago.

I lunched with this very charming Ambassador the following day at Claridge's when two of the first people to greet her were Sir Howard and Lady Kerr. Two other friends luncheon with her were the Hon. Mrs. Marcus Cheke whose husband is Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, and Raffaele Duchess of Leinster. The latter incidentally gave one of her delightful little luncheon parties at her flat in Grosvenor Square a few days later. This was in honour of Mr. Henry P. McIlhenny who was in London for three days on his way through to Philadelphia where he is curator of their biggest museum. He had just arrived from his lovely home Glenveagh Castle in Co. Donegal which is one of the show places of Ireland, with a superb garden. Friends at luncheon to meet him were Earl Jellicoe and his gay and amusing wife who was just off to Italy for a couple of weeks, and Mr. Peter Cotes who was in scintillating form.

★ ★ ★

To mark the opening of this season's brilliant International Celebrity Concert Series organized by Harold Holt, Ltd., and to welcome the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra to London, under its great conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos, the Anglo-Hellenic League and the Orchestra Concert Society gave a reception in the foyer of the Royal Festival Hall after the orchestra's great concert on October 4.

Lady Crosfield, chairman of the Orchestral Concert Society, and the Hon. Steven Runciman, chairman of the Anglo-Hellenic League, welcomed the guests, who included the American, Greek, French, German, Swedish and Brazilian Ambassadors. Others at this reception who brought a prewar elegance to our unhappily drab concert audiences included the Marquess of Reading, Lady Eccles, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Abingdon and Sir Arthur Bliss.

Dame Myra Hess, soloist at that evening's concert, and Nathan Milstein, who played with the orchestra the next evening, were chatting to Dimitri Mitropoulos, who seemed happy at the great welcome given to the

orchestra by the London public. Mr. Floyd Blair, president of the orchestra and vice-president of the First National City Bank of New York, had brought with him a party of distinguished American visitors, including Mrs. Breed, a strong supporter of the orchestra.

Mr. Ian Hunter, who has just resigned from the direction of the Edinburgh Festival, and is now responsible for this International Celebrity Series, was present with his wife, saying goodbye to friends before leaving for seven weeks in the United States and Canada.

★ ★ ★

THE Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp now draws as big a crowd to Paris in October as the Grand Prix does in the summer. This year there was again an interesting race and twenty-three horses went to the post for the very big prize of approximately £30,000. It was a wonderful sight to see them, with the jockeys in their gay colours, parade in brilliant sunshine on the emerald green course in front of the stands. The leaves on the magnificent trees all round the course, turning colour into exquisite autumn tints, made a perfect background.

Runners came from not only France, but also England, Ireland and Italy. There was a splendid start and the field went off at a tremendous pace. After they rounded the final bend the Italian champion Ribot, owned by the Marchese Incisa Della Rochette and ridden by E. Camici, took the lead and drawing away from the rest of the field won easily by three lengths. M. Georges Wildenstein's Beau Prince II was second, with the Comte R. de Chambure's Picounda third. The winner is by the late Signor Tesio's great horse Tenerani and is unbeaten in his own country.

The only English runner, Sir Victor Sassoon's Elopement, never looked to have a chance and finished nineteenth. Lady Ursula Vernon's Irish-trained Hugh Lupus, of whom there were such high expectations this season, also disappointed his connections. Mr. Terence Gray's Zarathustra, trained in Ireland and ridden here by Billy Rickaby, was another also ran.

RED salvias and ornamental foliage decorated the front of the long stands, and many well-known French racing enthusiasts were there to see the race, including Baron Geoffrey de Waldener, but I did not see his very charming and always chic wife. Baron and Baronne Guy de Rothschild were watching the racing from their box—their Reine Martiale ran second on the previous day. M. François Dupré, whose Polic just beat Reine Martiale, had a party of friends in his box. He is a great supporter of racing in France. I met M. Maurice Hennessy, who has had a disappointing racing season with his horses, but is hoping for a better one next year. The lovely Begum Aga Khan, the Vicomtesse Vigier, M. and Mme. Boussac, who won the fifth race with Arbaris, M. Pierre Wertheimer, Mr. R. Strassburger, the Marquise de Boisgelin, who won the Prix de la Concorde that afternoon with Florin, M. Martin Fabiani and Comte de Ganay were among other personalities of French racing present.

Among supporters from this side of the Channel I saw Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, Sir Richard Sykes who owns the famous Sledmere Stud, the Earl of Dunraven, who has a very fine stud in Ireland, Mr. Clifford Nicholson, Mr. Roderick More O'Ferrall who has the Kildangan Stud and races a lot in Ireland, and Mr. Stephen and Lady Ursula Vernon, who were there hoping

[Continued overleaf



Swaebe

AT ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS the wedding took place of Mr. Colin Baillieu, son of Mr. I. C. Baillieu of London and of Mrs. A. W. Kalf of Paris, and Miss Diana Robinson. Above, Lord Baillieu, cousin of the bridegroom, gives the bride a welcoming salutation on her arrival at the Hyde Park Hotel reception



Miss Jane Bennett with two of the bridesmaids, Miss Henrietta Vincent and Miss Alice Doughty

Mr. and Mrs. Clare Robinson, of Haslemere, Surrey, parents of the bride





Anne Bolt

IN SEARCH OF THE GREAT GREEN FROG. The children of the island's Governor-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Foot, K.C.M.G., O.B.E., are seen looking for frogs in the lily pool of the luxuriant garden surrounding the King's House, Kingston, Jamaica. They are Benjamin Foot, Miss Sarah Foot and Oliver Foot. They have another brother, Paul, who goes to Shrewsbury School

Continuing The Social Journal

British racegoers at Longchamp

to see Hugh Lupus win. Lady Ursula, who wore a tiny green velvet cap with a grey and white patterned coat frock, had her son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Filmer-Sankey over with them to see the race, the latter wearing a cherry red cap with her black suit.

IT was so warm that once again light suits were favoured by most of the smart women present. The few who came in fur coats must have been uncomfortably hot. I noticed that, unlike last year, none of the mannequins parading wore fur coats, all were in wool coats or suits. Last year they had sweltered in heavy fur coats on a warm day.

Vera Lady Broughton I saw with Mrs. Strassburger, also the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry, Sir Eric Ohlson, Lady Sudeley, Capt. Bobby Petre with Col. Barlow, and Col. and Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, who had been holidaying in France as had Mr. and Mrs. Bill Clegg. The latter couple were having a well-earned rest after a very busy season at Bembridge where they run their Pitt House Country Club so superbly.

The Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston were with Capt. and Mrs. James Walwyn who are living in France while he is attached to SHAPE. I met Viscount Kelburn, who also has an appointment out there at the moment. Mr. Brunton Mills was accompanied by his young niece, Miss Phylida Burstons, who is at a finishing school in Paris. Mr. Mills and his wife now make their home in Rouen where he has a textile business, so they often go racing at Longchamp. Lady Wrixon-Becher was over on a visit and had her son Mr. Adrian Bridgewater, who is working in Paris, with her. Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel were there accompanied by their daughters Mrs. Thomson-Jones (whose husband was also racing on Sunday), and Miss Tilly Joel.

OTHERS I met in the very big crowd included the Hon. Robin Johnstone, Col. and Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. George Murray-Smith, Lt.-Col. John Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillycuddy who were on their way to Damascus, Col. and Mrs. Murray-Lawes, and the Hon. Mrs. Neville Berry who had a few friends in for drinks after racing on board their yacht Explorer which was moored once again near Le Pont de la Concorde. I also saw Miss Irene Durlacher, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Beer, Mr. and Mrs. Baker Wilbraham and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes, who were over for the Paris motor show.

This great show and the Exhibition Nautique bring many people to the city, which was extremely gay and very full. I stayed as always at the superbly well run Ritz Hotel, which never varies and surely has no equal in the world for quiet, luxurious comfort. Like all other Paris hotels it was quite full. I heard from friends who had been around the city on the eve of the Arc de Triomphe that all the favourite night haunts such as Maxims, the White Elephant, the Lido and others were packed, too.

★ ★ ★

LORD and Lady Harvey of Tasburgh, who always gave delightful parties when they were at the Embassy in Paris, recently gave a very enjoyable cocktail party to meet

Mme. Mante-Proust and the Committee of the Exhibition "Marcel Proust and his Time," now being held at the Wildenstein Galleries. The French Ambassador, who had opened the exhibition the previous day, came to the party, which was given in the Harveys' charming flat overlooking Hyde Park. Among the intellectual guests were Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, both in great form and looking well after their holiday in Scandinavia, Viscountess Hinchinbrooke, Mr. Steven Runciman, Mr. John Hayward, Mr. Philip Hope-Wallace, Mr. Derek Patmore, Mr. Raymond Mortimer who was appearing later that evening on B.B.C. Television, and the Marquess of Reading who, he told me, was going a few days later to Singapore and the Far East on official business. He was talking to Mme. Mante-Proust whose son Patrice Mante was with her. Viscountess Jowitt was there, also Viscount Duncannon, The Hon. Nancy Mitford and Loelia Duchess of Westminster who came in late, M. Lebel of the French Embassy and his very pretty wife, talking to Mme. Emmanuel de Margerie whose husband is also at the Embassy, and Major Malcolm Bullock.

★ ★ ★

LADY EARLE, Mrs. Douglas McBean and Mrs. Theodore Timpson were joint hostesses at a very successful coming-out dance for their daughters Miss Belinda Earle, Miss Georgina McBean and Miss Diana Timpson. This took place at the Anglo-Belgian Club in Belgrave Square which has recently been redecorated and makes a charming setting for a dance.

Lady Earle in a blue satin dress, and Belinda looking sweet in a dress of pale yellow shot organza, stood with the other two hostesses and their daughters to receive the guests, Georgina wearing a white organza dress appliquéd with blue petals, and Diana a most becoming grey embossed silk dress.

There were a large number of dinner party hostesses for this very good dance. Among them were Lady Earle's brother-in-law and sister, Major and Mrs. Glover, Col. and Mrs. Daglish, Lady Cayzer, Mr. and Mrs. William Pilkington, Lady Adair, the Hon. Mrs. Gibbs, Lady Fairey, Mrs. MacKinnon, Lady Lyett Green, Mrs. Fyfe-Jamieson and Mrs. Gundry, whose débutante daughters were all at the ball.

OTHER young people enjoying this very good dance included Mr. George Earle, Lady Nell Harris, Miss Richenda Gurney, Miss Camilla Straight, Lord Edward Fitzroy, Mr. Nicholas Buckley, Miss Penelope Ansley, Miss Sara Buxton in white lace, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville and the Hon. Caroline Hawke. Also Mr. Francis Hoare, Miss Antonia Edmonstone in blue, the Hon. Sandra Monson, in white with touches of cerise, Mr. David Steuart-Menzies, Miss Mariota Steuart-Menzies, Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth-Jones, Mr. David Higham, Mr. Timothy Thornton, Miss Sally Whitelaw, Mr. Michael Macleod, Miss Camilla Roberts in green and white, the Hon. Anthony Montagu, Miss Kirsty Dundas in black and white lace, the Hon. Diana Baird and Mr. Philip de Laszlo who has just started working in the City after a wonderful motor-ing holiday. Lady Earle was there for her granddaughter's dance, also Miss Rosemary Earle, who had flown over from Paris for the event, and Sir Hardman Earle who was a splendid host. Dancing took place in the double drawing-room upstairs where around midnight Hutch gave an amusing cabaret. There was a comfortable sitting-out room downstairs and a delicious supper in the club's long dining-room.



FLOWER ARRANGEMENT, originating in the East, now stands to be surpassed by the West, and the Great Autumn Exhibition of this art at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, provided some superb displays. Above, Miss Julia Clements, the organizer, and Countess Mountbatten at the private view were admiring an entry from Major E. de Rothschild

Lady Dunraven and Lady Burton, the judges, standing beside a prizewinning entry

Lady Tedder, a patroness of the Exhibition, and Mrs. Carole Findlater, looking at entries



Mrs. G. Dunn and Miss Richenda Gurney. The Queen sent flowers from Windsor

Mrs. Lambert, Mr. J. A. Lambert and Mrs. Hugh Monahan were three of the exhibitors

Desmond O'Neill



Roundabout

Paul Holt

A NIGHT out with Mr. Gilbert Harding, the well-known B.B.C. eccentric, can be quite an experience.

Mr. Harding, who is both erudite and eclectic, had approved of my invitation for him to join me at a celebration banquet on the anniversary of the birthday of that much maligned king, Richard III. The dinner took place at Crosby Hall, off Cheyne Walk in Chelsea, an ancient and ugly edifice which was Richard's own banqueting hall when it stood in the City. Why anybody thought of moving it to Chelsea has puzzled me for a week.

Mr. Harding arrived late.

He was in a temper and came in like a raging storm cloud, or one of those Things that follow you about.

All the company, by now seated, hushed. They put down their soup spoons and stared at their famous guest with looks of anticipation on their faces. Their soup got cold as they waited for my guest to explode and I am sure I detected

looks of active dislike towards me as I calmed him down (for I am a famous Harding calmer-downer).

It turned out that his fury was directed against some cretin of a passer-by who had given him the wrong directions to the hall, and he had been wandering around for ten minutes.

WITH regret the company went back to their dinner. Little were they to know that before the evening was out it would be Mr. Harding trying to calm me down!

The dinner, which was organized by the Fellowship of the White Boar, were Yorkists all and seriously opposed to the faction of the Red Rose. One of our company was, to my surprise but subsequent pleasure, Mr. Dermot Morrah, who is Arundel Herald of the College of Arms.

When it came to Mr. Harding's turn to speak he spoke gracefully, but passionately. He praised the Plantagenets'

last king for being a gentleman, then said some pretty blunt things about the first Tudor, Henry VII, who slaughtered him at Bosworth Field.

Upstart, incestuous, diseased he called all the Tudors, which pleased the company no end. He dismissed the Stuarts in one sentence as fumbling and ineffective, which I thought a little unfair, for Charles II did lay the foundations of the modern British navy.

And then he began to talk about the Hanoverians as "middle-class Germans."

Again that significant hush fell on the company. Is not the present Royal house Hanoverian?

BUT he had not been meaning any disrespect to the Crown, nor could he, for Queen Elizabeth is as much Scots as she is a Windsor and whatever else you may say about Glamis and Cawdor, you could not call them bourgeois. He had simply meant the early Georges.

By this time I had begun to laugh at the solemn looks of the Fellowship of the White Boar, but when I glanced across at Arundel Herald I found he was leaning across to the speaker to congratulate him on his speech. His only criticism was that he had got one date wrong. . . .

LAUGHTER brings unexpected results. It brought me hiccups, which is more generally associated with intoxication.

At once Mr. Harding changed character. He became a nanny. His method for curing hiccups was to stroke the eyelids and the temples and on this he worked for quite ten minutes, calming me down, while the company stared in fascination, wondering what was going to happen next. That was the end of the evening and I went home, hiccuping happily.

Mr. Harding went off to talk to some Cypriot revolutionaries he knows, because he wanted to find out the truth of what is happening on that strategic island.

The Fellowship of the White Boar dispersed, perhaps confused but surely feeling that the evening had not been wasted.

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THIS is Motor Show week and I have something to say about the motor horn. It is a maddening instrument. It moos, it coos, it plays silly little musical-box tunes at you, it snarls, it blares, it shrieks and (worst of all) it complains.

There is a greater variation in the sound of a motor horn than there is in a woman's voice.

Now the great cities are taking up a campaign to ban the horn. The police chief of Paris, who says that he was amazed by the refreshing silence of provincial cities when he visited them, has made it a local law that no horns may be blown, unless in emergency, and claims that his rule has reduced the number of accidents by more than eight per cent.

In Rome, hooting is now quite forbidden.

The traffic blocks, of course, do not decrease.

My friend Peter Ustinov, actor, writer, regisseur and impersonator, told me that when recently held up in Rome he stood up in the driver's seat and honked as hard as he could.

At once angry police dashed to his car, but when they realised that he was doing it with his own voice, both police and the crowd that had collected stayed to applaud him and he was waved to as he went on his journey.

That was Italian humour at its best and juiciest.

★ ★ ★

SIR GERALD KELLY, last President of the Royal Academy, is having to sell many of his treasures in order to keep his house. "I am too old to move, now," he said.

Sir Compton Mackenzie was forced out of his house in Surrey and now lives in a flat in Edinburgh because the income tax was ahead of him.

What is this country trying to do? Destroy the creative arts, which are our greatest blessing and boon?



LORD HIVES, C.H., M.B.E., D.Sc., LL.D., holds, as chairman of Rolls-Royce, a pre-eminent position in the world of motor cars, not only in Britain but wherever there are roads for automobiles to run on. Born and educated at Reading, he went to Derby in 1908 at the age of twenty-two and has been there ever since, one of that original small core of assistants who worked out with Sir Henry Royce the principles of superlative engineering which are symbolized in the firm's name. To tell of his war work would require a volume in itself, and his administrative ability has proved as impressive as his technical achievements; while the honorary degrees he has received from Cambridge and Nottingham Universities are an earnest of the respect in which the academic world holds him



FLIERS CHRISTENED THEIR NEW H.Q.

NO. 604 (County of Middlesex) R.Aux.A.F. Squadron gave a cocktail party in Pembridge Gardens, W.2, at their new London H.Q., during which Lord Templewood, their Hon. Air Commodore, declared it open. He is seen above (right) with Air Marshal Sir James Kilpatrick and Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty (left)

S/Ldr. J. M. Cormack, Mrs. Cormack, Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Gavin Anderson were among the company of two hundred



Mrs. Thomas Pike, G/Capt. J. B. Joyce, Mrs. Joyce and Air Marshal Sir Thomas Pike were others there



Mrs. Turnbull, S/Ldr. T. P. Turnbull, C.O. of the Squadron, and Miss Gillian Kersley

Flying Officer D. Stinton, Mrs. Stinton and Flying Officer R. Munns considering a toast



Mrs. Colin Hodgkinson and Mr. Colin Hodgkinson were with Miss Pat Davis

Van Hallan



"ADMIRALS ALL" WERE CALLED TO MAN THE BAR

IN Bath's Guildhall, where Lord Nelson received the Freedom of the city in 1797, a cocktail party was given in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. Above: the West bar, manned by Rear-Admirals R. W. Parker, L. A. B. Peile, Sir John Coote, Bt., and Iain Maclean

Col. Tommy Hood, on "combined operations" with the Royal Navy, pouring champagne for Mrs. R. A. Gerrard and Mrs. John Rusher

Mrs. Harold Greenhalgh, Mrs. G. E. Wild and Mrs. Thurstan in front of a bar whose tenders were Major W. F. F. Thurstan and Mr. Robin Rutherford



Miss Joan Russell came with Cdr. and Mrs. John Shenton. There were six hundred guests at the party

Mr. and Mrs. John Hunter-Biddle from Pennsylvania were talking with Mrs. Edward Pryor and Admiral Rodney Scott



MLLE. ISABELLE GAULIS is the attractive daughter of M. Jean Gaulis, member of a distinguished Swiss family. His American-born wife was formerly Miss Francine van den Bergh, of New York. They have a charming country retreat near Rolle, on the Lake of Geneva



F. J. Goodman

MISS LILA KERR is an American art student in Geneva, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kerr, own the largest private property on the lake, Chanivaz, near Buchillon. Her mother was formerly Mlle. de Loriol, whose family settled in Geneva in the eighteenth century

Priscilla in Paris



VINTAGE OF STEEL

GIVEN the number of years I keep my cars, and the wear-and-tear I get out of them, I can hardly be counted as a worthwhile client of the automobile trade. Indeed, I wonder why I so faithfully visit the Salon de l'Automobile every autumn; it is certainly not this year that I intend to discard my faithful little Elegant Elizabeth. She may be 1939 vintage, but she goes like a bird, and even without any face-lifting her looks are still pleasing.

I think, in fact, that she has this in common with her most illustrious sister: the great lady who always draws the biggest crowd at the Grand Palais and whose square bonnet and winged radiator cap will never be *démodée*.

I GET an immense kick when I see that crowd and when I read the caption under her photograph in the glossy-paged Parisian trade journals. I translate freely: "She is, not only on account of her splendid performances, but also because of her luxury and finish, the *Impératrice* of cars. Price: from 6,000,000 francs upwards according to the coachwork." "Empress of cars!" French is always such a rich language for compliments, is not it?

I am not so happy about the way the 2-h.p. Citroën chassis can be dressed up to look like a de-luxe edition sports car. It is rather like wearing a Dior creation over flannel undergarments and jewelled footwear with woollen stockings. When we are obliged to wear woollens that are useful if not decorative, then let us wear them unashamedly.

A FEW weeks ago the Abbé Pierre, who has done so much to help the down-and-outs of Paris, obtained permission from the City Fathers for his homeless friends to camp down under the Sully bridge. Two hundred vagrants found shelter! Now there are more than 300 and as the weather grows colder more and more arrive.

On moonlight nights the scene is curiously poignant... the shabby, patched tents, the little, smoky fires of driftwood; the gloomy river beating sullenly against the stonework of the bridge and the strange silence that seems so peaceful while the heavy traffic passes overhead between the two great stations that are the Lyon and Austerlitz. . . . Peaceful, perhaps, but heavy with what anguish and anxiety? There is talk of housing the Abbé's protégés in one of the many unoccupied forts that surround Paris and are no longer of any military value. An excellent idea, so far as shelter goes, but how cheerless.

THE success of his fine play, *The Firstborn*, should console Mr. Christopher Fry—if consolation be needed, which I doubt—for the disastrous reception given to his *A Sleep Of Prisoners* when it was produced at the Marigny

Theatre by Jean-Louis Barrault last year. *The Firstborn*, under the title *Le Prince d'Égypte*, has been translated by Thierry Maulnier and Philippe de Rothschild.

It is well staged at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier and brilliantly acted by Tania Balachova, Laurent Terzieff and Roger Hanin, but it is regrettable that it is not given in a more comfortable theatre. The Vieux Colombier, in the street of the same name, on the Left Bank, is one of the most comical theatres in Paris. Its long, narrow auditorium reminds one of a mission hall, and one looks round for the magic lantern. Indeed, a success at that theatre is something more than an ordinary affair.

M. André Roussin, of *The Little Hut* fame, and so many other gay triumphs, has done it again. After having been tried out and run in at Brussels, his new comedy *L'Amour Fou* has had a brilliant Paris première at the Théâtre de la Madeleine. The way this young dramatist manages to get away with situations that—if they were taken seriously—would make one feel somewhat uncomfortable is hilariously miraculous.

HIS current success *Quand l'Enfant Parait* at the Nouveautés, has an opening scene between a mother and daughter who are heatedly and worriedly discussing the advent of an undesired baby. One naturally concludes that the daughter is "in trouble," only to discover that it is the vexed mamma who is expecting a normal addition to the family.

In *L'Amour Fou* we have the mother and daughter gambit again. An impetuous, middle-aged man in love with the innocent, girlish mother of a sophisticated young person endeavours to enlist the sympathy of that daughter and get her to convince her mamma that she would be wise to "gather ye rosebuds" of passion while she is still young enough to enjoy them. How André Roussin exploits the situation must be seen. . . . I cannot relate it!

THE first performance of *L'Amour Fou* coincided with the 1,500th of *Quand l'Enfant Parait*. A supper party at Maxim's celebrated the occasion. All Paris was there, and all Paris included the innumerable stars who have appeared in Roussin's plays, from Gaby Morlay, who is playing in *L'Enfant* for the fourth year since she created the part, to Brigitte Auber, who is the motherly daughter of *L'Amour Fou*, and Odette Joyeux, who plays the innocent, girlish mamma.

Entendu au Salon

● Said their dearest enemy: "As soon as they had a little money they bought a car . . . and now they wish they had a little money!"



A Young Chelsea Hostess

(*M*RS. ROBERT DOLBY, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson, is one of the most charming of our younger hostesses. She is also keenly interested in everything to do with riding and hunting. Her husband was, until recently, a staff captain at the Household Brigade H.Q., and is now a Lloyd's underwriter. They have two children, Jane, aged four, and Alec, who is eighteen months. This photograph was taken at their delightful home in Mulberry Walk, Chelsea)





Prince Philip at the wheel

IN his capacity as President of the Automobile Association, Prince Philip takes an enthusiastic and practical interest in matters affecting the motoring fraternity. A keen and skilful driver, he is here depicted at Windsor driving his 3-litre Lagonda drophead coupé, whose Tickford body is finished in "Edinburgh" green. By means of a special built-in radio telephone the Prince can maintain constant communication with Buckingham Palace when on the road



THE PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King Edward VII., about to go for a ride in Lord Montagu's 12-h.p. Daimler in the year 1900.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AS MOTORISTS

ST. JOHN C. NIXON, doyen of motoring journalists, writes here of the Royal tradition in the use and ownership of motor-cars, and in particular of the great help the young movement received from King Edward VII.'s keen interest

THE importance of the rôle played by the Royal Family in establishing and developing the British motor industry and British motor productions is far underestimated to-day. Owing to the foresight for which the late King Edward VII. was so justly famed, he was one of the very few who appreciated at an early date the enormous future before British automobilism, at a time when the "horseless carriage" was the subject of ridicule and intense dislike by the average individual. His help and encouragement was of inestimable value.

Let us take a glance at what King Edward did to break down the bitter prejudice that existed, and sow the seed that has developed into the third largest industry in this country.

The British motor industry was not born with a silver spoon in its mouth. What was little else than a disguised trading concern called "The Motor Car Club" organised the first motor vehicle exhibition in London,

This took place at the Imperial Institute in South Kensington from May to August 1896, or some months before the Act came into force which first permitted self-propelled vehicles to use the highways under reasonable conditions.

KING EDWARD heard of this. A preliminary inspection attended by a large number of influential people was organised for Saturday, February 15th, of that year. But on the Friday, King Edward—then Prince of Wales—expressed his desire to see this new form of road transport for himself, and accordingly a private demonstration was arranged in the Imperial Institute. One of the vehicles exhibited belonged to my old friend, the late F. R. Simms, founder of the R.A.C. and of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders Ltd., and in this car the Prince took a seat and was driven by the Hon. Evelyn Ellis (whose cousin General Sir Arthur Ellis was

Equerry to the Prince) through one of the galleries and out into the open.

The same car was then demonstrated to the Prince by Otto Mayer (who reached his eighty-ninth birthday on August 18th last) and the mechanism was explained to him by both Simms and Evelyn Ellis. He expressed himself as highly pleased with this novel experience, but stated that he hoped motor vehicles would never entirely supersede the horse, of which animal he was a keen lover. An action, very typical of him, was to send Otto Mayer a diamond scarf-pin on the following day as a memento of the occasion.

ON Saturday, November 27th, 1897, a further demonstration was arranged, in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. Several cars were there, including a Daimler, which had just completed for the first time the long run from John o' Groats to Land's End; after trying two cars, the Prince again expressed his pleasure. Both these demonstrations served to convince him that a new and important industry was about to be born, and he wished next to try a car on the public roads.

This took place in June 1898 when the Prince was stopping with the Earl of Warwick at Warwick Castle. Four cars were sent over by the Daimler Motor Co. Ltd., of Coventry, and after giving rides in the grounds to Lady Randolph Churchill, the Countess of Warwick and other members of the house-party, a visit was planned to Compton Verney, the seat of Lord Willoughby de Broke. The Prince, the Countess of Warwick and Lady Randolph Churchill occupied the rear seats of one of the cars, while the Duke of Marlborough sat beside the driver.

(Continued overleaf)

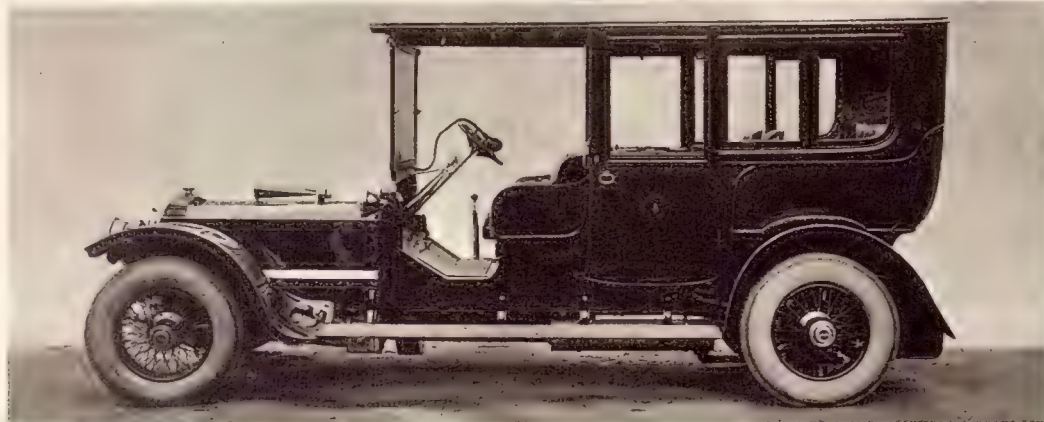
OTTO MAYER at the tiller of his Daimler at the Imperial Institute in 1896. It was in this car that King Edward had his first ride



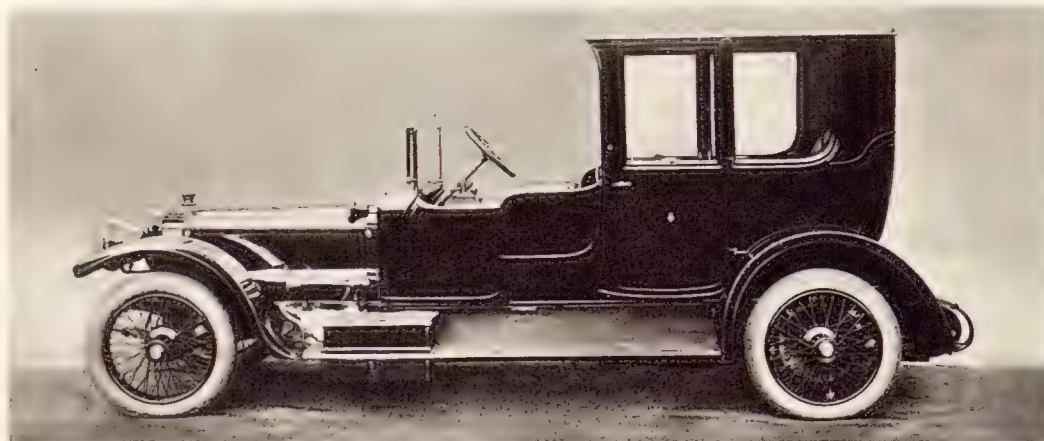


Above: A rear-entry Daimler owned by King Edward VII. in 1902. Note the side-curtains

Right: King George V. and Queen Mary on a Silver Jubilee drive through London

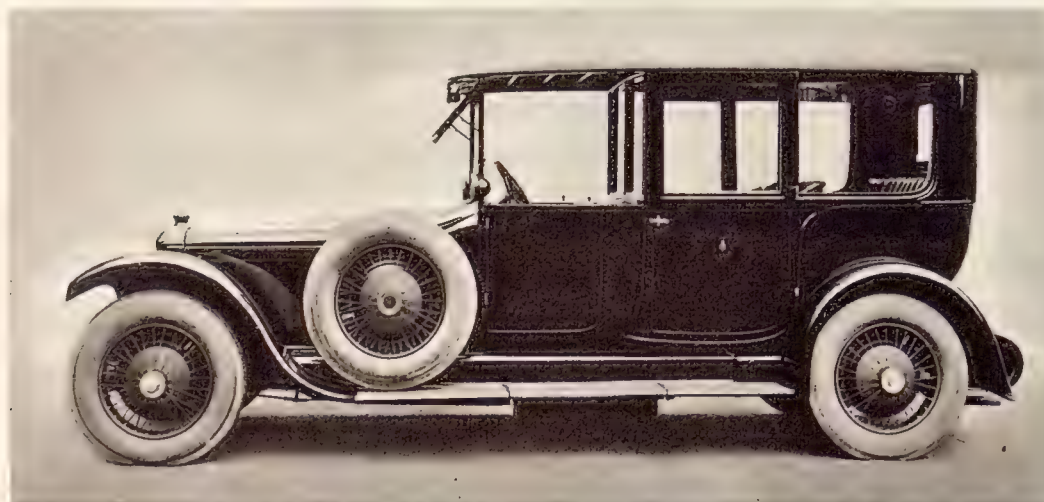


Top: A 57-h.p. Daimler of 1910 for Royal use. It had two armchair seats and patent leather wings. The interior fittings were very rich, with much use of polished mahogany and ivory



Middle: A Brougham body was fitted to this 1914 Daimler, expressly made for King George V.

Below: A 1924 Royal limousine. It was upholstered in blue morocco, cloth, lace and pile carpet



Courtesy "The Times"

Continuing from page 165—

ROYAL MOTORISTS

The journey was not entirely uneventful; owing to a partly-blocked silencer, some manual assistance had to be given by members of the ground staff to enable the car to climb a stiff rise at Compton Verney! This must have been the first and probably the only occasion on which a member of the Royal Family had to be "pushed" up a hill.

Then came the famous Thousand Miles Trial, from London to Edinburgh and back, of April-May 1900, in which I was one of the competitors, and it is an open secret that the Prince followed the performance of the cars with considerable interest.

DURING the early months of 1900 the Daimler Motor Co. Ltd. received the honour of an order for a twin-cylinder 6-h.p. car from the Prince, the first car ever to be supplied to a member of the Royal Family. It was delivered to him at Ascot during June of that year. An amusing incident occurred during the first trip the Prince made in his own car. His chauffeur was unacquainted with the roads in and about Ascot, and so a groom from the Royal stables at Windsor was detailed to ride in front on a horse. The Royal party set off with the pilot, but not more than a mile had been covered before it was seen that the speed of the motor-car was proving too much for the horse; with a smile, the Prince stopped the car and sent the groom back, remarking that the horse would need more "fire" in it before again attempting to set the pace for a car.

The Prince took driving lessons in the grounds of Sandringham and quickly learned how to manage the car, but there is no record of his having driven on the public highways.

THE fact that the Prince owned a British car proved a great fillip to the struggling motor industry. Two further Daimler cars of more power were ordered during the same year, including a four-cylinder model and a shooting-brake. During 1905 the King ordered his seventh car, while the Prince of Wales—afterwards King George V.—purchased a 30-h.p. model, and the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Mary, ordered a 28-h.p. landaulette.

King George V. did not share his father's enthusiasm for motoring as a sport; when he came to the Throne, however, he ordered several new cars, and



The late Queen Mary driving in spring 1952 through Dulwich Park, where she had gone to see the rhododendrons

the Royal Mews behind Buckingham Palace were suitably converted into garages. When King George V. died there were as many as ten cars in active service; five for His Majesty's use on important occasions, a private brougham, a State limousine for Queen Mary, a private car for her own personal use and two cars for the Royal household.

The longest journey ever undertaken by King George V. was during the serious coal strike of 1926, when he was spending his holiday among the forests and moors of Deeside. He felt that his presence in London at such a time was desirable, and so, to save coal, he motored the whole way from Balmoral to Buckingham Palace, a distance of some 500 miles.

The Duke of Windsor was a keen motorist who almost always drove himself, as did the Duke of Gloucester and the late Duke of Kent.

When King George VI. came to the Throne, he ordered three Lanchester cars, one of which was a sports model which he always drove himself. In this car he used to drive the Queen Mother, with Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, then children, from London to his country house at Royal Lodge, Windsor, nearly every week-end

UNTIL recent years the most familiar of all the Royal cars was a large and somewhat ancient-looking Daimler proceeding slowly round Hyde Park on fine afternoons, or waiting outside some antique shop; this was the car used by the late Queen Mary.

One of the most striking of all the Royal fleet of cars to-day is a truly magnificent 8-cylinder Rolls-Royce which was designed for the use of the Queen when she was Princess Elizabeth. It was delivered during July 1950, and the main object was to produce something quite out of the ordinary. It is a limousine of great size, having an overall length of nearly 19 ft., but thanks to a combination of artistry and engineering skill, its immense size is not apparent until it is placed beside an ordinary car. The rear portion has the comfort of a luxurious drawing-room with two additional seats which, when not in use, can be folded away. The back seat for two can be wound forwards if necessary and the upholstery is in simple grey cloth.

The body has been designed so that the passengers can be seen and can see, as circumstances warrant. The interior is very light, thanks to a large area of glass and a transparent panel in the roof which can be obscured by a power-operated blind. There are intakes near the radiator which provide

fresh air for both front and rear passengers, while three heaters draw warm air from the engine. Auxiliaries include operating-buttons for heating, electric window-winding, blinds, cigarette lighters, hand mirrors and ash-trays, while the centre arm-rest is equipped with controls for the radio set, which is concealed in the luggage compartment.

The extreme care exercised in the production of this vehicle is shown by the silver radiator mascot, which consists of St. George and the Dragon. Not altogether satisfied with its balance to withstand vibration, the Rolls-Royce Company carried out tests which resulted in certain alterations being made in its design.

PRINCESS MARGARET also took delivery of a somewhat similar car; this was an 8-cylinder Rolls-Royce Phantom IV. with coachwork by H. J. Mulliner, and it was delivered to Clarence House in July last year.

Heating and ventilation were carefully studied. A heater below the rear seat is controlled from either the instrument panel or from the rear seat itself. Heat can also be admitted to the rear compartment through grilles fitted with sliding shutters and mounted on each side of the division. Here, too, are fresh-air inlets in the form of animostat (aircraft type) ventilators. The radio controls in the armrest are concealed by a sliding shutter.

All the windows are electrically-operated and can be raised or lowered from the driving position or by a switch below the window concerned. Sliding shutters which pull forward are fitted inside the rear-quarter windows. A glass panel over the rear compartment may be concealed by an electrically-operated sliding shutter. The arrangements for fitting a roof-mast are interesting, the mast itself being raised from within the front compartment by opening a trapdoor in the roof.

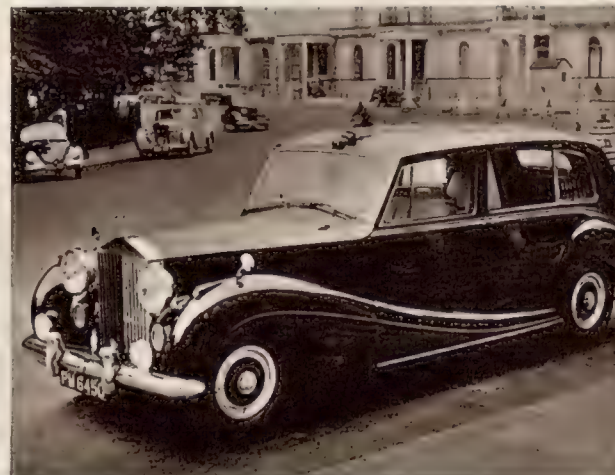
THE Duke of Edinburgh is a keen driver; when the Queen and he go for a longish journey, it is not at all uncommon for him to take the steering-wheel, while his interest in cars of the "sports" variety is well known.

The British motor industry is deeply in the debt of the Royal Family for the encouragement and support given to automobilism from the days when King Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, did not share the common view that the motor vehicle was a passing phase of the mechanically-minded crank. Her Majesty's great-grandfather, although a great lover of horses, foresaw, as few did, the coming revolution in road transport, a view which has been amply vindicated.



Above: The interior of the Queen's Rolls-Royce, supplied to her when she was the Princess Elizabeth

Below: The handsome Rolls-Royce Phantom IV., built to the special order of Princess Margaret



At the Theatre

FLICKERING

HALO

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

WE seem to be in a charmingly chivalrous mood to-day, positively yearning to right ancient wrongs. Some hope to establish that Marlowe, in hiding after his reported death in a tavern scrimmage, went on writing plays. They are bent on restoring to Kit the credit that Shakespeare pinched.

Many more have convinced themselves that this Elizabethan playwright, whatever was his real name, lent himself shamelessly to Tudor interests. He foisted monstrous crimes on Richard the Crookback and with the hand of genius sent him down to posterity the blackest-hearted of all villains in a villainous time.

THE latest rallying-point for these Friends of Maligned Richard is the Court Theatre. There Mrs. O. Wigram and Miss I. Wigram are arguing the historical thesis in a play called *The Sun of York*, seeking to show that the last of the Plantagenet kings, a wise, benevolent and magnanimous ruler, was the victim of a conspiracy from beginning to end of his



SLIPPERY ELY (Valentine Dyall) is upbraided by Buckingham (David Ritch) for the vile intrigues he directs against the throne and life of the high-minded and misunderstood king (Leslie French)

short reign, and doomed to be defamed after his death.

The chivalrous-minded would do well to hasten towards this act of historical restitution, for though the authors have a larger public in mind and try hard to make their passionately argued thesis yield them a good story for the stage, they can hardly be said to succeed. They have realised that a whitewashed Richard must have an antagonist almost as formidably evil as the Richard of legend, and by doing a little violence to their integrity as historians they find him in Bishop Morton.

IT is true that Morton was a political prelate, but for his moral depravity there is little evidence. However, his defamation gives the general playgoer little concern. It is good for the play up to a point, making for a conflict of wills and producing a series of well-knit and occasionally exciting theatrical situations. But the conflict would be stronger and the situations even more exciting if Morton were something more than a wicked prelate cut out in cardboard. His clever plottings against the hapless Richard want a touch of personal malignity to make them really momentous, and a chronicle play—however skilfully it may develop a historical theme—is almost bound to become tedious if there are no living characters to bind it together.

BEST scene of the play, to my thinking, is that in which the Lord Protector learns from the Bishop of Bath and Wells that the young king whom he is about to crown is the child of a bigamous marriage.

Here there is a clash of genuine character between a rigid morality, which will not let the upright Bishop suppress a truth which may wreck the kingdom, and a wise statesmanship which Richard, though humanly shaken by tweaks of personal ambition, yet contrives to keep intact.

FEW of the other scenes of the chronicle, though some are helped by shocking acts of treachery and spectacular arrests, are on this level.

Their only purpose is to illustrate the historical argument that Richard had ceaselessly to contend with the hatred of dead Edward's widow and her family, a hatred used by Bishop Morton for his own diabolical purposes, and that he had more to lose than anybody else by the murder of the Princes in the Tower. And even the historical thesis has nothing to gain from the concluding scenes, which are spun out to such an inordinate length that we are in danger of forgetting any impression the previous arguments may have made.

MR. VALENTINE DYALL does less than he might with the cardboard figure of the wicked ecclesiastic, and Mr. Leslie French is left accordingly with no antagonist who might throw into dramatic relief Richard's wisdom, benevolence and magnanimity.

We are left with the impression that the theatre is not the place for performing acts of historical restitution, however overdue they may be, and with an awful fear that it may be Judge Jeffreys's turn next.



AN OLD-FASHIONED LOOK from Jane Shore (Gabrielle Brune) warns Hastings (Derek Blomfield) to remember that he is a gentleman

KING OF THE MONKEYS

WANG MING-CHUNG makes a dazzling appearance in the programme to be given by the Classical Theatre of China during their three-week season at the Palace Theatre, starting next Monday. As the Monkey King fighting his way into heaven, he is estimated to use as much energy in twenty minutes as a hard-working navvy would in fourteen hours, and, in consequence, makes this his only appearance in the show. This Chinese theatrical company has had a spectacularly successful European tour, the speed, colour and vitality of their performance having delighted theatregoers wherever they went





THE DESERT PATROL, a scene from London Films' forthcoming *Storm Over the Nile*. It is one of a series of water-colours of production and location scenes that Francis Russell Flint, A.R.W.S., R.O.I., S.M.A., was specially commissioned to produce during the making of the film

Television

B.B.C. SPRINGS AMBUSH

A WELL-TIMED tactic of the B.B.C. this week deploys old favourites in strength. The new TV is just one month old. It would be difficult to imagine a better moment than this, when viewers have begun to recognise the new state of affairs as one less of competitive than of mutually imitative TV, and when other panel games have been withdrawn, to revive "What's My Line."

Barbara Kelly, alas, is otherwise engaged. But Lady Barnett, Gilbert Harding and David Nixon will be there as before, albeit on Mondays instead of Sundays. Eamonn Andrews, of course, in the chair.

Gilbert Harding makes a double come-back this week-end. On Sunday he joins the Brains Trust, where his usually literate and sensible conversation (despite occasional explosions) should be a welcome counterweight to the scientific materialism so far preponderant in this programme.

WEIGHT may be the only obvious link between Gilbert Harding and Orson Welles. But in "Round the World With Orson Welles" (Friday, I.T.A.) he scores at least one comparably rich and human personality for the other side. Welles's interviews last fortnight with the Chelsea Pensioners (one old sergeant fairly hogged the camera) and the wonderful old women who lived in almshouses displayed a rare relish.

Jeanne Heal is another old B.B.C. favourite whose spirit and accomplishment in upholding monogamy easily retained the lead over other sob-sisters and brethren—although Godfrey Winn left no doubt that in "As Others See Us" (Thursday) he is going to repeat his Sunday Press success.

Two more B.B.C. successes are recalled by Saturday's new serial, a sequel to the *The Quatermass Experiment*, with John Robinson as Quatermass, and *Misery Me* (to-morrow), with Noelle Middleton and Laurence Payne.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



The Gramophone

WATER MUSIC, 1955

VIVIAN ELLIS and A. P. Herbert have given us all a great deal of pleasure during the years they have contributed with such distinction to our relaxation both in the home and at the play, and this most capable team once again show their craftsmanship in their newest musical piece, *The Water Gipsies*, now running merrily at the Winter Garden Theatre in London.

Founded on a book first published in 1930 and since reprinted nineteen times, any kind of stage production of the story had a considerable reputation with which to compete. It was the composer's sister who with several others suggested the making of *The Water Gipsies* into a musical show, and so in spite of the American occupation of the London musical comedy stage the Herbert-Ellis team set to work just over a year ago to strike a blow for something British.

CURRENTLY a very well-balanced Long Play recording is available, made by members of the original cast, and if Miss Dora Bryan does not quite repeat her stage success on the record, at least two new and potentially worthwhile recording artists emerge in the persons of Miss Pamela Charles and Mr. Laurie Payne. Miss Charles puts over her songs with complete success, even one which is a wee bit embarrassing.

It is pleasant, too, to have the pleasure of hearing such experienced troupers as Miss Doris Hare and Mr. Jerry Verno once more, and anyone who doubts the capabilities of veterans in the theatre will be completely disarmed by the artistry and quiet charm of Ernest Butcher and his contribution. If the score fails to blare its way through your loudspeakers that is just too bad, for here is something so essentially British that the introduction of anything blatantly contrived into it would be not only out of place but entirely banal. (H.M.V. DLP. 1097.)

—Robert Tredinnick



Bette Davis gives a memorable performance as Elizabeth I., with Richard Todd as Raleigh, in *The Virgin Queen*

At the Pictures

BETTE TUDOR

WITH a proud disregard for the fashionable forward movement of headgear, Miss Bette Davis, as *The Virgin Queen*, wears her wig and her nightcaps well back behind a brow like the dome of St. Paul's. Her eyelids are as lashless as a turtle's, her nose like the spiteful beak of an octopus, her complexion pure putty, her mouth a down-turned rusty horseshoe. She looks simply terrible—and she is simply magnificent.

This is an Elizabeth I. imperious and arrogant in the "off-with-his-head" tradition. She has the gait of a ploughboy and the stance of an ostler, but that she is in fact a monarch you are never for a moment in doubt. There is a greatness about her—and the loneliness of those in high places. She combines the mind of a statesman with the weakness of a woman "not too young." Though she cannot conceal her shrewish envy of her pretty young ladies-in-waiting, she can, at least, rise above it. Miss Davis has thrown herself headlong into the part and comes up every inch the daughter of a king.

WELL written, the film, which has a sense of period and a nice avoidance of the usual "tush-tush, 'Od's bodikins, go to and get thee hence" line of dialogue, is concerned with the relationship between Elizabeth and Raleigh—Mr. Richard Todd.

Raleigh, burning to explore the New World, comes to court determined, even at the cost of trailing his cloak in a puddle, to win the Queen's favour and persuade her to give him three ships with which to sail westward-ho. The Queen takes such a fancy to the forthright Devon man that she is reluctant to let him leave her side. He frets and fumes—as who would not, with tobacco waiting to be discovered across the Atlantic—and falls in love with Mistress Throgmorton, a lady-in-waiting (Miss Joan Collins), all smirks and pertness.

By the time Elizabeth has, after a great show of Royal rage, consented to furnish Raleigh with one ship, the fellow has secretly married Mistress Throgmorton, a fact which comes to light because he installs a double bed in his cabin aboard the *Golden Falcon*. The Queen, furious at his deceit, has Raleigh thrown into the Tower to await execution. That she subsequently relents is obvious—or you

would not be smoking that vile weed this minute. Mr. Todd, looking gallant, and Miss Collins, giggling girlishly, sail away down the Thames—and Miss Davis's mobile features resolve themselves into a stony mask of sorrow.

Beside such a blazing performance as Miss Davis puts up, even Mr. Todd's shining sincerity is somewhat dimmed—while whatever spark Miss Collins may possess has been, so far as this picture is concerned, totally quenched.

"THE TROUBLE SHOOTER" is Mr. Robert Mitchum—take it or leave it.

Mr. Mitchum says he can't act, and I'm not the one to give him an argument on that point. For this standard Western he doesn't have to.

The period is 1870. The citizens of Sheridan hire Mr. Mitchum to tame their town, as the local gun-play is getting a little out of hand and too darned frequent. Mr. Mitchum's method of town-taming is simple: he just shoots at sight anybody carrying a gun. When there are not two bad hombres left to stand each other a drink, he burns down the saloon—just for luck. I didn't mind that—I was pretty tired of that old saloon, anyway—but I can't say I care much for the idea of a licensed mass murderer figuring as a public benefactor.

"HOUSE OF BAMBOO" stretches credulity a little far, but is, nonetheless, an exciting cops-and-robbers piece—largely, I think, because of its Tokyo background.

Mr. Robert Stack, a U.S. military policeman, is given the job of finding out what Mr. Robert Ryan and his gang of strong-arm men are up to in Tokyo—besides running a chain of pin-table joints. To do so, he joins the gang.

As they say in Japan, he should tread softly who walks on the tail of a tiger—and Mr. Stack does tread very softly, but is bound to put a foot wrong sometime or we'd never reach the thrilling climax, which has himself and Mr. Ryan nipping, revolver in hand, through the unperturbed crowds at a pleasure garden and shooting it out on the top of the Big Wheel.

—Elspeth Grant



JOAN CRAWFORD (above) gives a powerful performance in the forthcoming *The Queen Bee*, the story of a woman who compels all around her to subservience. Below, as two of the young people who survive proximity to the *Queen Bee*'s blistering egotism, are Bill Leslie and a new Hollywood discovery, Lucy Marlow





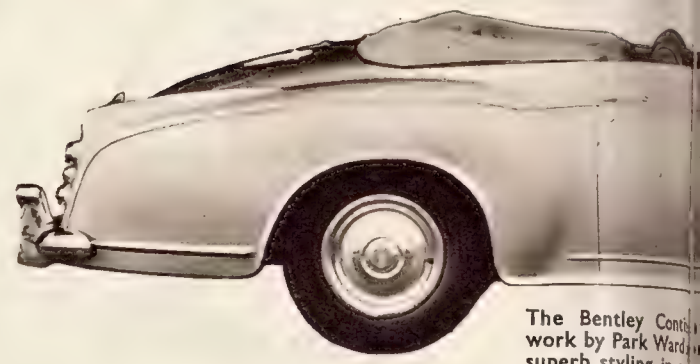
The Bristol exhibit includes this drophead coupé 405, with body by Abbott's, the greyhound lines clearly expressing its concentrated but easily handled power



Sunbeam have produced in the Rapier a luxury hard-top four-seater, with a top speed of around 90 m.p.h. and specially designed overdrive which saves much petrol



Above : Daimler Conquest Century Saloon, beautifully balanced and tireless on the road. Below : The new Humber Hawk estate car marries saloon appearance, sports pace and the load-carrying powers of a truck



The Bentley Continental work by Park Ward, superb styling in a

ACCOUNTANTS HAVE DICTATED SHAPE OF THIS MOTOR SHOW

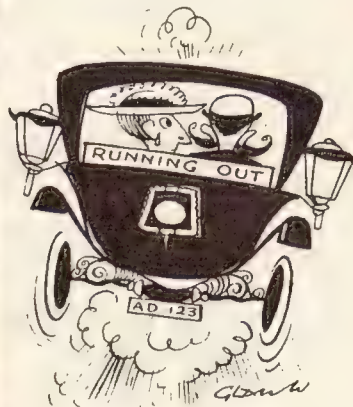
ECONOMICS may be said to dominate this year's Motor Show at Earls Court. For the general observer the basic interest—at any rate, so far as British products are concerned—lies in the evidence given by the new models of the way in which managerial policies are being shaped to cope with the increasing difficulties of export, the increasing costs of production and the increasing home sales resistance created by our inadequate roads.

All generalisations are unfair, but if we look at Earls Court in the round—and again primarily speaking of British cars—we find that the well-developed small car can succeed no matter how conventional its specification, whereas the medium-size or large car must offer very advanced or highly specialised features if it is to find an adequate market. Thus, we see makers of big cars looking at the small-car market and we see makers of small cars striving to improve their economic position by freezing more design features and by introducing novel production methods.

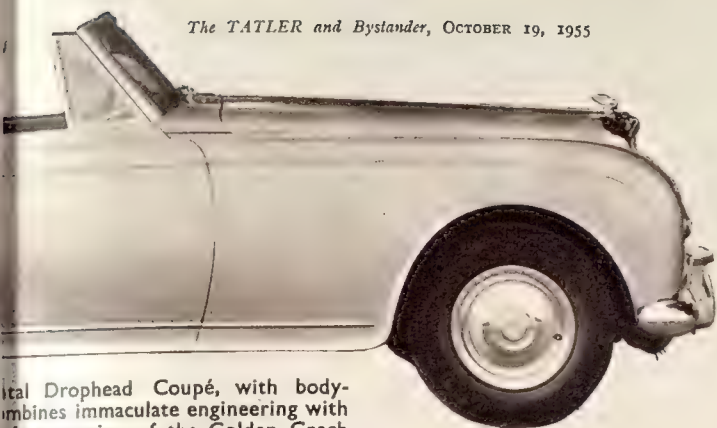
I have already given warning that the limitations of space prevent me from doing more than glancing rapidly at a few arbitrarily selected new models, although I shall hope in future articles to make good some of the omissions. It will be convenient first to inspect some of the sports or high performance cars, because in this field British makers hold a unique position.

SPORTS CARS

THE new Bentley Continental must be treated first, not only because of its international prestige, but also because Dr. Frederick Llewellyn Smith, of Rolls-Royce and Bentley, is the President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. He has been associated with Rolls-Royce since 1933. The Bentley exhibits are on Stand No. 126, where there will be a Park Ward Continental Drophead Coupé in two-tone blue.



The Continental is a special version of the "S" series, with the engine power stepped up somewhat and with an exceptional power-to-weight ratio. The car has the increased brake capacity to go with its high performance and the ride control is quick-acting, so that it can be flicked from soft to hard to meet a bad bit of road. Little need be said about the automatic gear-box because, after a momentary hesitation, nearly all Bentley owners have taken to it.



ital Drophead Coupé, with body-
mbines immaculate engineering with
yern version of the Golden Coach

OLIVER STEWART, *The TATLER'S Motoring Correspondent*, here takes readers on a short tour of the 1955 Motor Show at Earls Court, opening to-day. He shows how the booming British car industry is squaring up to meet new challenges which are crystallising out of the highly competitive world economic situation

The 6-cylinder engine is of nearly 5-litres capacity and the compression ratio is a little higher than for the standard series at 7.25 to 1—still a modest ratio. Twin carburettors are fitted. The prices for the Park Ward coupé and for the Minor Sports Saloon (both the Continental model) are £4775, plus £1990 14s. 2d. purchase tax, and £4960, plus £2067 15s. 10d. purchase tax. (The twopence and the tenpence are flags waved by the Civil Service to indicate that they will never surrender to sensible commercial procedures!)

Bristol cars are to be found on Stand No. 170 and one drop-head coupé 405 is being shown. A second drophead coupé, by E. D. Abbott, is to be exhibited in the coachwork section at Earls Court. As I have already reported, overdrive gives what amounts to a fifth gear, and the makers now claim that at 20 miles an hour a fuel consumption as low as 20 miles to the gallon is obtained. This car is the outcome of a sound, steady policy of development.

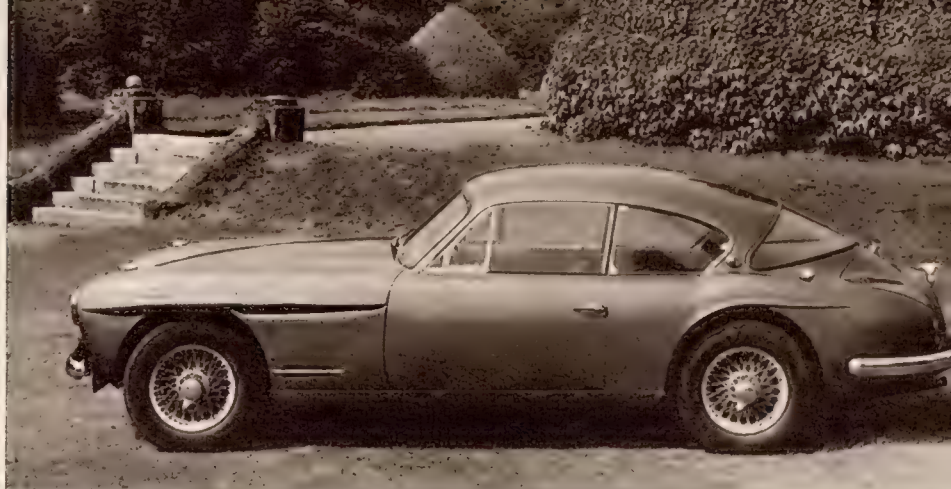
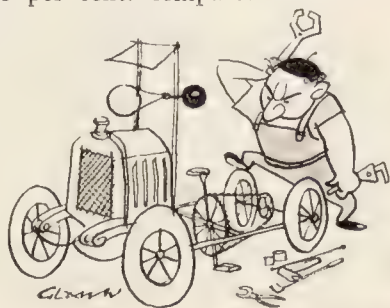
Mention has already been made in these columns of the new M.G. two-seater sports car with 1½-litre engine, successor to the "T" types, and it will now be necessary to turn from the sports cars to the other models.

POPULAR MODELS

FORD announced the introduction of an overdrive as an optional piece of equipment for the Zephyr-Six and Zodiac models in late August. The arrangement in the Ford is so adjusted that the overdrive comes into operation after a road speed of 31 miles an hour has been reached. It is brought in by a reduction in the pressure on the accelerator. The governor is then set so that the overdrive remains in operation until the road speed drops below 25 miles an hour, when the higher ratio is cut out and the normal gears become available. Kick-down operation is also provided for in the Ford system. There is an overriding manual control which enables the overdrive to be locked "in" or "out." With overdrive in operation engine speed is lowered by 30 per cent. compared with the standard rear axle ratio.

Overdrive has made extremely rapid progress not only in Britain, but also in other countries, as the Paris Salon indicated. But I think it fair to claim that its success has been largely the outcome of developments undertaken by our own manufacturers.

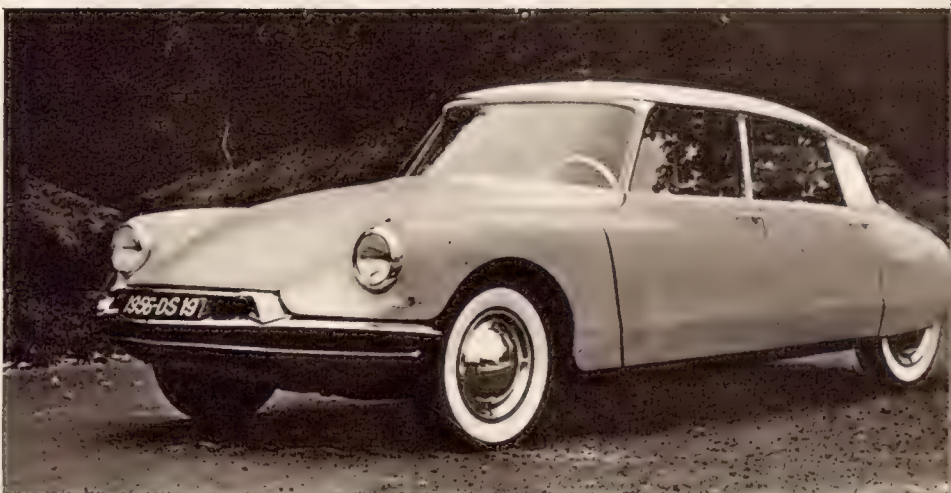
(Continued on page 174)



The eye-catching, 115 m.p.h. Jensen 541, with its reinforced plastic body and 4-litre engine under the raking bonnet, is very much a child of the twentieth century



The Morris Oxford Series II, introduced last year, has had a succès fou as a family car, and has needed little alteration to enable it to win fresh adherents in 1955



Above: The Citroën 2-litre includes many new features, including power-assisted disc brakes on the front (driving) wheels. Below: The Ford Zephyr Zodiac has further refinements to delight the owner-driver, man or woman





Above : The handsome Armstrong Siddeley 2.3-litre saloon, available with 4- or 6-cylinder engine. Below : The Lancia Spider, luxury two-seater, is the first open car to be built by this firm for twenty-five years

Continued from page 173

MOTOR SHOW HIGHLIGHTS

Sir William Rootes's announcement of the new Humber Hawk Estate car tended to overshadow the facts about the continuation of the ordinary models. These cover the whole range from the Hillman Minx and the Californian to the Husky and the Humber range. The Humber Super Snipe Saloon is much the same as the Touring Limousine, except that in the latter there is the division between the driver's compartment and the rest of the car. The price of the Super Snipe Saloon, inclusive of purchase tax, is £1552 7s. 6d.

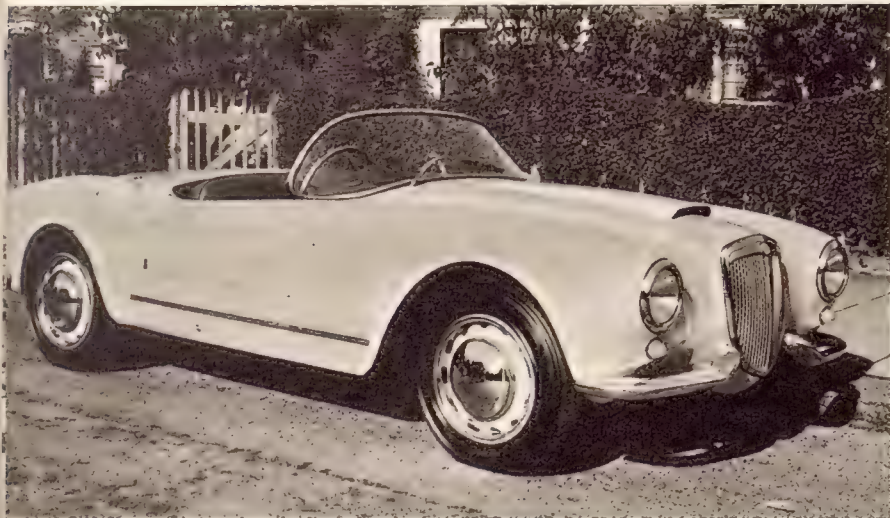
IN a previous article I referred to the new 2.4-litre Jaguar and gave an illustration of it. As one of the highlights of the Show, it must be considered here in rather more detail. Last time I referred to the policy behind the introduction of this model. Now I would like to add a summary of the specification. The engine is a twin overhead camshaft 6-cylinder derived directly from the engine of the larger model. By a reduction in the throw the engine becomes over-square.

Transmission is through a four-speed synchromesh gear-box to a hypoid rear axle. Coil springs are used for the independent front suspension and semi-elliptic springs for the rear suspension. The brakes are by Lockheed and have a lining area of 157 sq. ins. The handbrake is of the sensible pull-up type and is on the right side of the driver's seat.

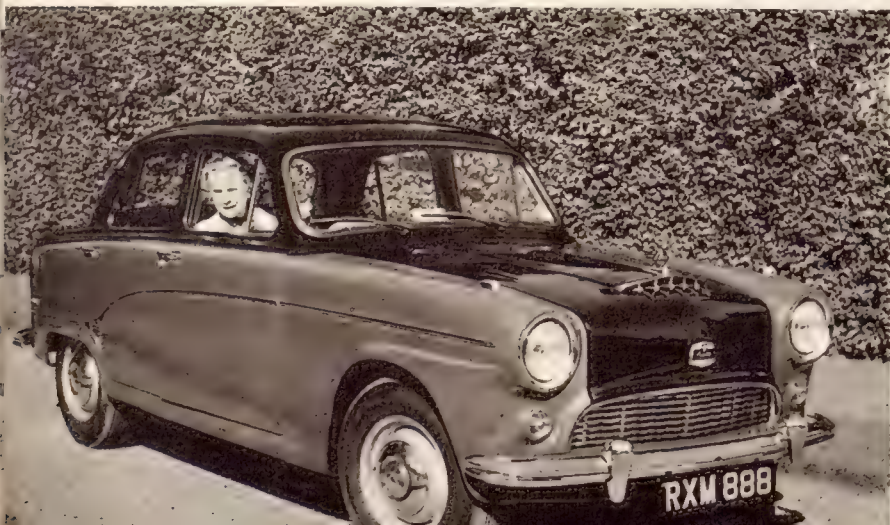
The overall length of the new car is 15 ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Ground clearance is 7 ins. and the turning circle is 33 ft. 6 ins. It is important to note that the 2.4 is not in any way intended as a replacement for the famous Mark VII. It is an addition to the range intended to fill a clearly-defined gap. And when the standard of the engineering in this new car is considered, the price is nothing short of astonishing. With tax it is £1269 0s. 10d.

WHICH cars of other than British origin should be mentioned in this note on the new models it is hard to decide; but the small Renault on Stand 145 is worthy of special attention. I refer to the model with the Ferlec automatic clutch.

Automatic transmissions have usually demanded a good deal of surplus power if they are to work well. The problem of



Below : Countess Howe in her new A.90 Austin Westminster saloon, finished in Earl Howe's racing colours, adding distinction to an already outstanding car





finding an automatic transmission that can be fitted to a low-powered car without either spoiling its performance or sending up its fuel consumption is difficult. Renault have taken a step which is certain to be followed by other small-car makers by fitting the 750-c.c. car with this clutch.

It gives two-pedal driving and is a well-tried and tested component. The gear changes are made by lifting the accelerator foot a little and moving the gear lever. There is no clutch operation to be done by the driver. When starting from rest, the engine is started with the gear lever in neutral. To move away, the gear lever is moved to low (the engine idling) and as the handbrake is released and the accelerator pedal pressed, the car moves.

FOR ALL TASTES

SOME makers cover a complete range of types of vehicle as well as models. Thus, Daimler now produce their interesting sports car as well as their larger saloons and their big Hooper limousine. The Conquest has the 2½-litre engine, the Regency the 3½- or, alternatively, the 4½-litre engine. The sports car, known as the "Sportsman," is also available with either the 3½-litre or the 4½-litre engine. Prices range from the Lanchester at not more than £1000 to the big Hooper limousine which costs over £6000.

But the round of "unveilings" has only begun, and before the Show is over we shall hear of many interesting advances in design and construction. We shall also see evidence of the traditional British development policy which, without being spectacular, often offers the best and most economic results.



The Hillman Husky is, like its Arctic prototype, a terrific load-puller, with a heart of oak, as well as exceptional good looks. It has been well tried in a hard school



Above: The Riley Pathfinder, a very distinguished Nuffield Organisation production, and below, the newest edition of the famous Standard Vanguard, marching on



Standing By

KINDNESS WEEK

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

NOT caring greatly for pedestrians as a class—the story that those apes built the Pyramids and won Waterloo seems to us quite preposterous—we still admit they have their little problems and troubles, ridiculous as these may often seem. At each successive Motor Show, in fact, not to speak of the Salon de l'Automobile, we ask ourselves if motorists do enough for them.

We're thinking of a Pedestrians' Free Advisory Bureau somewhere in the building to help them on matters like income-tax and falling in love and care of the teeth, and how not to confuse the right leg with the left while looking backwards on a street-crossing, and so forth. We wouldn't pamper or spoil pedestrians as they are spoiled, for example, in Siena, Italy, where the narrow medieval streets have no pavements and you have to biff them out of the way with your bonnet. On the other hand we hate to think of their being constantly boffed by cops, as in New York. But when we asked a psychologist how one could get to understand and love pedestrians it was rather a shock when he postulated inter-marriage ("Pedestrian women often aren't bad looking") and the Mixed Strain.

Footnote

WE asked him a dubious question or two:

Q.: What would be the approach to a relatively attractive and unattached pedestrian woman?

A.: I should say a mixture of tenderness and gaiety. Begin by telling her about the four-speed synchromesh gearbox, lightly pressing her hand at intervals. When a delicious

flush appears, describe hydraulic suspension.

Q.: Mightn't it be better to keep that for the honeymoon and the long winter evenings?

A.: You can keep repeating it. They can't have enough romance.

Q.: How does one know when their hearts are yours?

A.: Downcast eyes, heaving bosom, and a marked tendency to hide the legs.

He refused rather significantly to discuss the possible offspring of such a union, saying it was a matter for the A.A. and the R.A.C.

Clash

IF one of those French cave-explorers who recently touched the record depth of 2962 ft. in the Gouffre Berger, near Grenoble, were to marry a temperamental Parisian girl-steeplejack. . . . Just a thought.

It's a theme for some pessimist of the Anouilh school. Things come to such a pass with this ill-assorted pair that while Marcel is grovelling half a mile underground, Solange has become fascinated, between climbs, despite herself, by Ferdinand, a rich elderly cynic who believes in going neither up nor down but sideways, West to East and back again. Like the young wife who succumbs to the glamour of the stage in Anouilh's *Colombe*, she leaves blaming her husband. "You're either crawling on your *sacré* stomach 2000 feet down or rubbing it with olive-oil in the kitchen," she says bitterly. "What sort of an evening's entertainment for a girl is that?"

However, the thrill of going sideways with Ferdinand soon turns out to be illusory; he's just a kind of luggage-ridden human crab. So she falls for a

percepteur of income-tax whose total immobility palls in a fortnight, and shoots herself.

Just one of those deep little contemporary plays about the uselessness of everything, and it never seems to occur to the author that a few good smacks with a hairbrush might help.

We are now taking you back, Heaven help you, to the studio.

Toilette

PAINT once and have done with it!" roared an ad. for some new kind of paint, and we thought of the Renaissance poem about the great Tintoretto and his girl-friend Babs, which you may have heard before and are now, with renewed delight, to hear again:

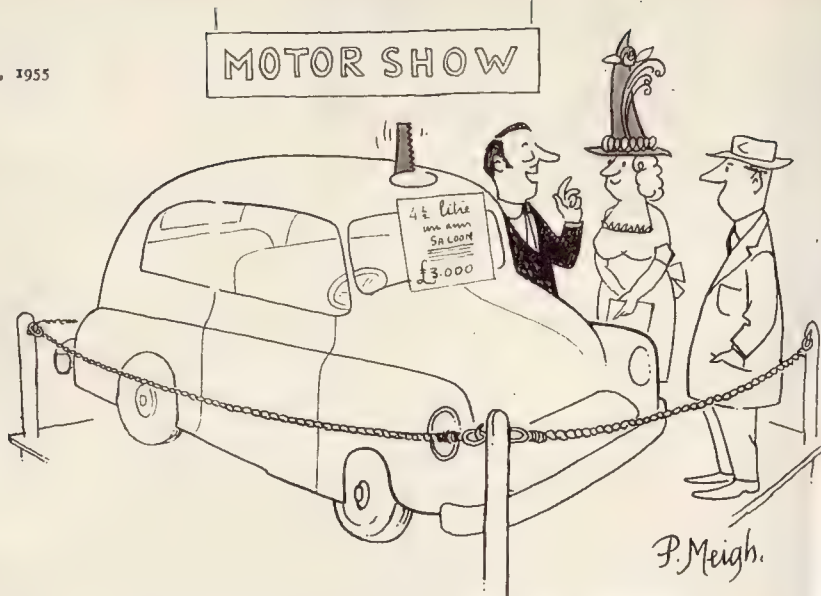
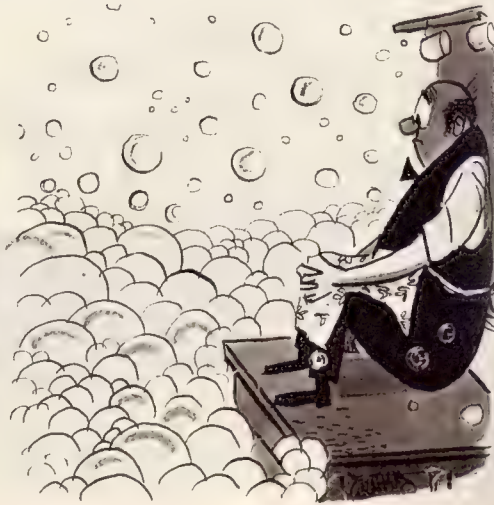
They said to Tintoretto: "Master,
Your sweetie's face is solid plaster,
You must," they said, "be pretty green
To fall for Babs, the Fresco Queen;
Three coats, and maybe more below—
She lams it on like billy-ho."
And O, was Tintoretto sick!
Seizing his knife and scabble-stick
He scraped and scrowped that girlish pan,
Blaspheming in Italian;
And when six layers had come away,
And he was calling it a day,
He found, just higher than the chin,
A Simply Idiotic Grin. . . .

"Per Bacco!" cried the fool. "Great Caesar!

My little pet is Monna Lisa!"

This got Tintoretto "in Dutch" with Leonardo da Vinci, but we can't go into all that now. See Vasari, *Lives of the Painters*, And Don't Blame Me.

~~~~~BRIGGS . . . . by Graham~~~~~



"Don't worry, Sir, we'll put that right immediately"



## TRIUMPH IN THE STUBBLE

THE glow of achievement shines in the eyes of Hiwood Jet, one of the Queen's-Labradors from Sandringham, as he brings back a pheasant in the Essex Field Trial Society's annual Retriever Trial, held at Finchingfield. Hiwood Jet was bred by Major Huxford and handled during the Trial by Mr. A. Curtis. It is the third year in succession that the Queen has had entries in this East Anglian event

### At The Races

## THE PINK COAT SPEAKS

ROUND this time of the year in the days that are gone, when fox-hunting was not held to be almost a felony, and people were much keener on giving their livers a real good shake-up jumping fences to the accompaniment of hound music, it used to be the moment for kit inspection. We had to find out, for instance, whether No. 3 pair of boots would stand up to another five months of really hard usage; whether we ought to cast that No. 4 pair of breeches; or whether the pink coat, which only came back from the cleaners last April, is fighting fit.

No doubt these little problems still arise, but not in quite such an acute form, so I gather, as they used to do even in that short period between the two big "Flareups." Clothes still wear out, particularly hunting clothes, which have always had to put up with far rougher treatment than other apparel.

ABOUT coats, I used to know the prescription for the stuff for taking the spots out, but anyway you can buy it in a bottle, and if it were not *verboten* to give it a free advertisement I would tell you the name of the shop! Anyway, your tailor will know. Each *tache*, incidentally, will have a little yarn of its own to tell; some quite interesting, even blood-curdling, and you may say: "Was I ever as brave as all that?"

Hunting clothes can talk, believe it or not,

and they, and other clothes, always will. There was that time, for instance, at that confounded ford at the "Founess" River in Yorkshire, when the too enthusiastic young blood horse thought a short cut to the bank was the best thing, and you got properly salivated, or that other time when the thorns in that bullfinch made such a mess of the arm of your best coat, and you ended up with a nose looking as if it had been in a cat fight! Talk? Of course clothes can! And how glad you are to listen to their jabber when you are as lame as two trees, and how you would like to do it all over again if you could, nose and all.



The annual report (1955) of the International League for the Protection of Horses is very much like all its predecessors, full of good intentions, records of the various kinds of cruelties to which horses are condemned, and an appeal for the abolition of the present regulation, which permits the import of horses for slaughter.

The export of these unfortunate animals for that purpose is already forbidden. This is all very good so far as it goes, but it does not go anything like far enough, and it cannot until we get an international compact which the countries principally concerned will honestly observe. Judging by the ill success of the defunct League of Nations, and the tepid success of the United Nations, the outlook is not very encouraging. There is too much profit in this unlovely traffic for anyone ever to be able to get at the "nigger in the woodpile."

MANY of us have been after him for nearly half a century, but I doubt whether we shall ever run into him and break him up. He is too heavily entrenched behind a breastwork of *£ s. d.* Horror pictures, and the long list of benevolent subscribers, are of little avail. Almost everyone knows what is going on and how these horses are treated in transit; but it has not been possible to stop it. A law making it illegal to deal in anything but frozen horse meat might work, but I don't think anyone is very hopeful that that will ever be passed; because, for one thing, it would entail building ships with special refrigerating gear. Yet I think it is the only remedy. So long as live horses are allowed to be imported, just so long will this cruelty go on and its instigators prosper.

—SABRETACHE

## Book Reviews

## CRISIS AT LARJUZON

by Elizabeth Bowen

"UNRIVALLED by any living novelist in any country," has been an outstanding English critic's verdict on François Mauriac—winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1952. Such an award means that a man's work transcends national boundaries. And it might, indeed, be found that this writer's genius is not wholly typical of his country, France. His books are less cerebral, more fundamental and more impassioned than is most notable French fiction. And their subject has universality: the soul. Of this M. Mauriac's latest novel, *THE LAMB* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), could hardly give a clearer example.

All Mauriac characters are lifelike, completely convincing, yet outsize. Their emotions and sufferings are on a giant scale. And the creations of this great Catholic master are formidable in their recognition of evil—or, sometimes, in their display of evil.

IN *The Lamb* our central figure, Xavier Dartilongue, is a young man in a state of intense conflict, at once spiritual and human. He is on the verge of entering the priesthood. He takes a night train from Bordeaux (his native city) to Paris, where a seminary awaits him. On the train, however, takes place an encounter which is to deflect him from his immediate purpose and plunge him into a maelstrom of other claims.

Jean de Mirbel, a landowner from the forest-muffled country around Bordeaux, is Xavier's fatal travelling-companion. Jean (already met in another Mauriac novel) is now, in early middle-age, turbulent, difficult and peremptory. Through the carriage window, while the train was still in Bordeaux station, Xavier had looked on at the good-bye between de Mirbel and a young woman—who is, it transpires, Michèle his wife. Xavier cannot rid himself of the idea that these two are at a crisis of their destinies. And during the talk on the journey, Jean lets fall that he intends leaving Michèle forever.

THAT train conversation, alone in the carriage, surrounded by the rushing darkness of midnight, is a masterpiece such as only M. Mauriac could bring off. For in its course, something fantastic happens. Jean strikes a bargain with Xavier. If the young man will consent to abandon the Paris seminary and return with him (Jean) by the next train to Bordeaux, Jean will return to his wife in their country house—provided he is accompanied by Xavier.

In effect blackmail, this takes effect. For Jean trades upon Xavier's deep conviction that one is responsible, under God, for the fate of one's fellow human beings. In that view, there is no such thing as a "chance" meeting. And, once having met a person, one cannot part—one is involved forever in their destinies, one may even be, in however humble a way, the instrument of their salvation or damnation. Xavier's first duty (it comes to seem to him) is to save the marriage of the de Mirbels. Tormented and innocent, the young man—who is indeed the victim "lamb" of the story—consents to come, at the bidding of Jean de Mirbel, to Larjuzon, the lonely country house, perfect stage for the drama to follow.

LARJUZON is one of those estates whose atmosphere M. Mauriac renders so overpoweringly. Michèle de Mirbel is not here alone: with her are her step-mother, Brigitte Pian (central character in *A Woman of the Pharisees*), Mme. Pian's girl-secretary, Dominique, and Roland—a miserable small boy who, adopted by the de Mirbels as an experiment, is on the point of being packed back again to a public orphan-

age. From now on the action of the story (which a few days brings to its violent end) is to concern itself with the effect of all these people on Xavier, and his effect on them.

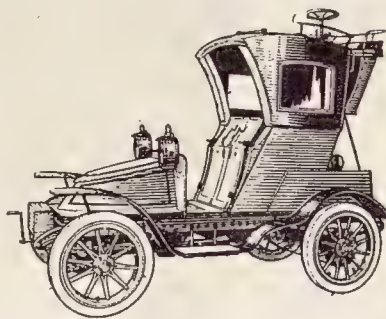
Through every page runs an austere beauty and pity—there are the love scenes between Xavier and Dominique, his confrontations with the terrible Brigitte Pian, his unavailing solicitude for Michèle, and his attempts to succour the little boy. (Roland is, after Xavier himself, the most moving and haunting character in *The Lamb*.) Here's a novel which sweeps one into depths of experience such as one seldom braves and may little know. The rendering into English is the work of that master-translator Gerard Hopkins.

★ ★ ★

CHRISTOPHER SYKES is a writer who seems at home, equally, with fiction and non-fiction. Some of the work which has built up his reputation takes the form of essays or real-life character-pieces—*Two Studies in Virtue* and *Four Studies in Loyalty* were both memorable. This time we have another novel. *DATES AND PARTIES* (Collins; 10s. 6d.) portrays striking characters in a dramatic year.

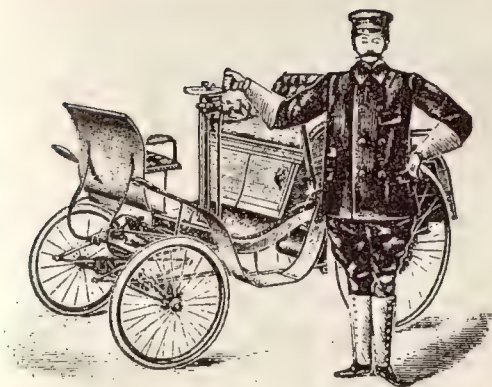
This is, indeed, 1938, early 1939—an epoch when private lives were conducted, knowingly, beneath the suspended sword of war. This atmosphere (some of us may recall) tended to speed up personal happenings and was conducive to emotional crisis. Such desperately little time left, until—?

THE HEROIC AGE of the automobile is permanently enshrined in *Veteran and Edwardian Motor Cars*, by David Scott-Moncrieff (Batsford; 25s.). Above: a Gladiator hill-climbing during Irish A.C. reliability trials, 1908. Below: Lord Dudley's Panhard at a meet of the Worcestershire in 1901. At bottom: 60 h.p. Napier, which in 1912 travelled from London to John o' Groats and back, via Land's End, in top gear



A Vauxhall hansom-cab of 1905. From *Veteran and Edwardian Motor Cars*





Until—well, *what?* Mr. Sykes's group of well-to-do, sophisticated and, on the whole, pleasing people are convincing upper-class Londoners of the late 'thirties. The story opens with Jane Heedon's Belgravia lunch party, planned to reinstate one James Vyvyan, lately fallen from favour.

James has lately emerged, technically innocent but besmirched, from an unsavoury case in the courts of law. The suggestion had been that he extorted a vast cheque from a dying old lady, by intimidation, which further hastened her end. Mrs. Axwill's relations, who brought the case (and, for lack of concrete evidence, lost it), are a powerful couple of families: their unappeased indignation is doing James Vyvyan, socially, no good. Jane Heedon's *coup*, in jumping Willoughby Hedge (of the injured clan) into meeting the raider at her table is a bold one. Other guests hold their breath.

JAMES is an awkward *protégé*. Short of an indictable offence, he *has* done what seems an appalling thing—quite "out" by the tribal laws of his world. In short, he has been no gentleman—and no one knows this better than James himself. As against that, he had been in a tight corner, and had taken the only possible way out. Muddled old Mrs. Axwill's last human spree had, probably, been the signing of that cheque. Denounced, cut by everybody he knows, he is nonetheless in a defiant mood—and to make things worse, on his way to Jane's house he has involved himself in a grotesque incident, which he can only get out of at the cost of another man's reputation. Not a promising hero, one might say.

BUT the continuing story is to show otherwise. We follow James's odd career, his involvement with a political group adverse to his "privileged" friends, and his stout refusal to spy on the friends concerned, first with increasing interest, then with sympathy. At a time when civilisation is threatening to crack across, we watch one man regain his civilised soul. What *are* to be the accepted standards—the shrinking gentleman's world, or the growing crooks? Munich year made that question cogent. James's love-affair with young Rosemary, who should have been Mrs. Axwill's heiress and who loves James only the better for having swindled her, complicates all things a degree more.

The drama swims on through a sea of parties—occasions at once intimate and nerve-racking. For the "dates" which synchronise with the parties are world-historic: broken treaties, vain "conversations," bawled threats, violated frontiers. Effectively, Mr. Sykes has framed his handful of individuals in a non-individual crisis: yet, they are never dwarfed. This novel is witty, winning and well-constructed.

(Continued on page 196)



THE JUNIOR CARLTON recently opened a new Ladies' Annexe, an amenity long felt necessary, and the result has been widely approved by members and their friends. The design and redecoration were carried out by Mrs. Eily Donald, and here are seen views from three directions





## Beauty

# THE HAPPY LOOK

WITH the advance of skill in maquillage, the modern feeling is for a variety of "New Looks," many of which have been influenced by the latest trend in dress. During the past few years we have had various subtle changes in make-up, the most up-to-the-minute being an exciting "Oriental" one brought over to this country by Guy Nicolet, the well-known expert in this delicate art.

I asked if I could see how this new make-up is done, so that I might describe it in detail for those of you who might care to try it out. As I watched, I said, "this surely should be called the 'Happy Look,'" which M. Nicolet agreed was very fitting. He created it after seeing the Peking Ballet, and then presented it at several of the top dress shows in Paris, the outstanding ones being those of Fath, Jean Dessès, Givenchy and Griffe.

The focus-point of the "Oriental Look" is the eyes. To stress this feature, the forehead, the nose and the bottom of the face are kept very pale. Correct make-up to use is "Basic Sheen" Naturelle and "Invisible Veil" Powder No. 1. As these are carefully blended in, you will see how attention is drawn to the upper part of the face, which means the cheekbones and the eyes.

Rouge is placed very high on the cheekbones and faded out towards the temples, until eventually it blends right into the hairline.

THE next point may seem a little strange, but it is extremely effective. A touch of rouge is placed *above* the eyes on the *bone immediately beneath the eyebrows*. No more than a mere suggestion, it is softly smoothed out towards the hairline, to merge with the rouge underneath which runs up to meet it. Looking at it, one has the impression of a leaf. It is as though a leaf is lying in towards the nose, with the tip pointing out towards the temples.

Eyebrows are delicately shaped with an upward tilt (Chinese influence again) and have a slight curve in the middle, which gives them a winged look. This is defined with a grey pencil that is very soft. The brows themselves are slightly thicker than usual.

For the eyes, a lovely new shadow has been created, called "Pearly Striking Blue." This is a very subtle bluish-grey, with a touch of silver, and makes the eyes look very luminous. To apply it—as I saw it done by Guy Nicolet—you must use a brush. Start at the centre of the eyes and smooth it away to the outer corners and then slightly up. An important point is that the shadow must *not* be put over the whole eyelid. Keep it close to the eyelashes and then fade it away.

After applying the shadow, the shape of the eyes is defined with an outline pencil. This, too, is carried out to the outer corners, and then slightly up, to emphasise the Chinese effect.

LASTLY, a new secret which is really very old—kohl. As early as 2800 B.C. this was used as a beautifier in paste form, and it was found in ancient tombs. Later it was made in powder form and put up in most attractive bottles. Elizabeth Arden's latest creation is a powder kohl, presented in a copy of the original bottle.

If you have any doubt as to whether kohl is safe for the eyes, it is interesting to note that Indian women use it round their babies' eyes as a protection against flies and to act as an antiseptic. The purpose of kohl as a beautifier is to make the eyes look larger and to emphasise the whites. Placed on the roots of the lashes, along the lower rims of the eyes, it has a wonderfully softening effect. For the top lashes, you should use a *dark-blue mascara*.

In the "Oriental" make-up we go back to the small "rose-button" mouth. The idea of keeping the mouth small is, again, to throw all attention on the eyes.

Since many of the latest designs in dress have been inspired by the Oriental influence, this evening make-up, which I have just described, is the perfect complement.

—Jean Cleland

Elizabeth Arden's imaginative and exceedingly useful make-up set in gilt cases with star design. The cost of the Carino rouge compact is 12s. 9d. Eyelash cosmetique, 17s. 6d. Powder compact, £2 15s. 6d.

Max Factor has produced specially made cosmetics for the Beauty Box which fits into the arm-rest of the new Lady's Model Daimler car





Dennis Smith

## Colour where it counts

*—the new mood in  
travel accessories*

AS they are extremely mobile and constantly in use while touring, colour in travel accessories can be used to striking effect, as we see in this selection from Fortnum & Mason. It comprises the following: Mohair tartan rug, 6 gns. Red and cream case, £32 10s., red crocodile handbag, £39 10s., black calf jewel case, lined with red, £6 4s., royal blue nylon umbrella, £4 13s. 6d., black hide beauty case with red fittings, £30 17s. 6d., and finally, gloves, £3 15s.



Peter Clark

## Chosen for the motorist

*An adaptable outfit  
for the woman driver*

FOR the Motor Show TATLER we have chosen a very adaptable set of clothes from Jaegers. Wearing some of them, and with the rest in her suitcase, a woman motorist, touring in her car, will find herself suitably dressed for both town and country stopping-places—and for quite a variety of temperatures. The sports car shown in these pictures is a Triumph T.R.2

## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

by Mariel Deans

# Roving Commission

ON the colour page opposite she wears the jacket of the suit shown here, with a pair of camel-coloured wool slacks, price 5 gns., and enormous mohair scarf, which comes in many colours and costs 69s. 6d.

*Town stop. This long-jacketed, narrow-skirted suit of bottle green mohair costs 16½ gns., the neat little black jersey hat is 45s.*



*Country stop. With her slacks she wears a tartan blouse in wool taffeta price 59/6. This one is dress Campbell tartan, but Jaeger can supply some of the other clans*



## Now that the car is a room . . .

IN the early days of automobiles, dustcoats, goggles and bearskin coats were *de rigueur* (some said *de rigor*) for the fashionable motorist, but now that the ubiquitous motor car is for many women a sort of extension of their own sitting room—radio, cigarette lighter, knitting on the back seat, and the children's bricks all over the floor—clothes are geared more to the object of the drive than to the drive itself.

—MARIEL DEANS

The clothes shown on these pages were chosen chiefly because they are warm, easy fitting and comfortable to sit in. Like the motor cars with which they are shown, they are all very new. Glamour model on the right is Fortnum & Mason's pretty evening two piece. The short dress is made of yellow brocade woven with garlands of pale flowers. The coat is olive-yellow velvet. The enormous car seen in the background is an Austin Princess





*Above:* Simpson's black and brown flecked Isle of Bute tweed three piece consists of a collarless suit worn with a short top-coat that is loose fitting and has roomy pockets. In the background is a Ford Zephyr convertible

*Below:* Leather Craft's straight-cut, silky suede coat. As light as a feather it will wear for ever. The hat, too, is suede and both are a clear, golden brown. The car is a Bentley with a Radford Countryman body





Armstrong Jones

A red leather coat from Lillywhites has a detachable white fur fabric lining. It is shown here worn over a dark red sweater and a red and grey shadow check skirt. The car in both of these photographs is a Sunbeam

*Below:* Lillywhites leather coat shown buttoned up and worn with a dark green jersey deer-stalker cap which has a scarf attached for windy days

*AS the traffic on our roads grows denser, so does the relief of fine lines and high styling in the cars that throng them grow more precious. This extends also to the clothes worn by their occupants. Here we show some coats that are both beautifully snug on a long journey, and very, very good to look at*

Coats that bring charm  
even to a traffic-block



A coat that is warm and light and magnificently hard wearing. One of Moto-luxe's famous country models in alpaca pile from Marshall & Snelgrove. Expanding table and picnic set are part of the equipment of the Bentley Radford Countryman





Above: Prints of veterans on table mats will sharpen pride in the newcomer. Harrods, £6 6s. a set

Below: Lightweight travelling rug in cashmere and wool, in many soft colours. Aspreys, £12 5s.



An electric shaver with special internal adapter for operation on 12 volt car battery. Price £7 11s. from Aspreys, Bond St

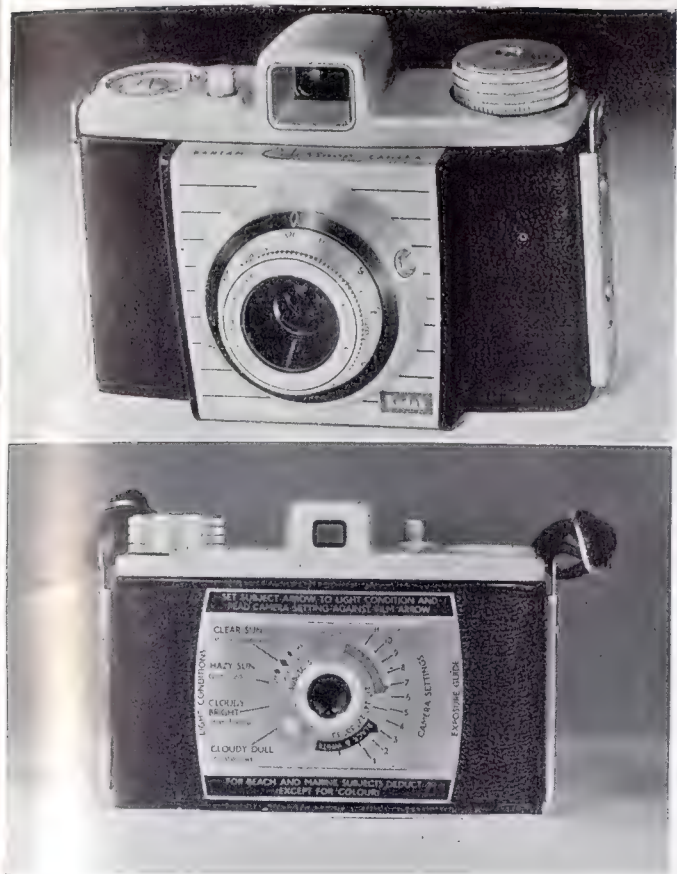
## Cluster of happy ideas to go with the new car

*To make the most of the new car, other purchases suggest themselves. Here are some to match the elegance of the latest models*

— JEAN CLELAND



A case in pigskin to hold all your motoring "paper work." Revelation, Piccadilly, £5 15s.



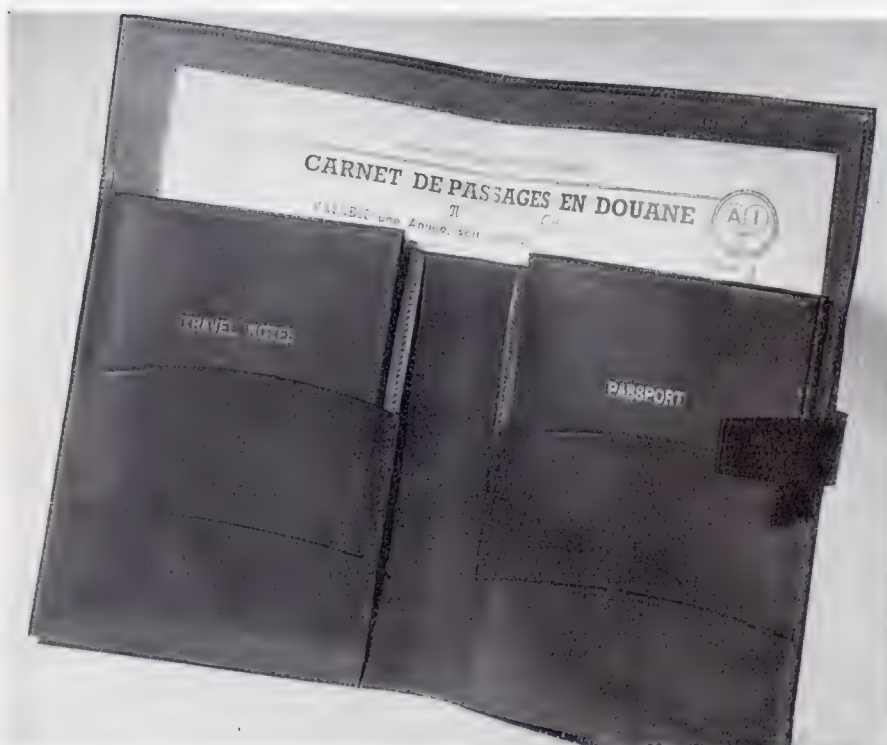
vs of the Kodak Colorera, which makes colour simple. £11 18s. 6d.



Martini case in the finest hide leather with silver plated accessories. From Aspreys, £42 10s.



Pigskin cigarette case combined with lighter, easy to manipulate on the road. Aspreys, £4 17s. 6d.



Carnet wallet in red calf, with passport case and separate pocket for triptych. Aspreys, £9 15s.

Dennis Smith

LUCIEN of Verreys in Regent Street, is a Parisian, and served in a French corvette during the war. He went from Frascati to the Screen Writers Club, the Colony and the Astor, going to Verreys in 1953



Ivon de Wynter

## DINING OUT

### An epicure remembers

MANY books have been written about wine and food and good living by all sorts and conditions of people, including professional experts on the subject and amateurs who have become expert through their enthusiasm; some entirely serious, some full of humour, anecdotes and amusing reminiscences. *Stay Me With Flagons*, by Maurice Healy, was a classic and endearing example.

There is another book just published which you can add to your list—*Reminiscences Of An Epicure* (Peter Owen, 15s.), by Francis Cunynghame. Major Cunynghame has written a delightful book in a very light-hearted way. It is full of useful information by someone who has always kept a cellar and who has acquired a considerable knowledge of wine over many years. It does not deal only with the past; the last party he describes took place this year.

As he himself says: "One wants a book like this not to be nostalgic. In quoting old vintages and shippers, one is doing so with the object of benefiting others by notes on old vintages and variety of wine, and giving some ideas as to what to buy for the future."

I HEARTILY agree with his hatred of small glasses: "... I cannot see what is wrong with a fine large bowl-shaped glass holding about half a pint in which to drink one's best clarets and burgundies. The same remark applies to the port glass, but smaller, in which all dessert wines should be drunk including medium and rich dessert sherries." He also likes his liqueurs in a port glass, "a lot of it, in a full glass," and remembers drinking Benedictine in this way in his mess before World War One; it was "an awfully good drink."

Talking of champagne he mentions that he always keeps a certain number of half bottles in stock for odd occasions and "some quarter bottles just to drink with a sandwich when motoring." This is indeed living in a fit and proper manner.

I suspect Major Cunynghame to be something of a poet. He writes of some 1929 Côte Rotie which came his way: "It was a glorious crimson colour, full-bodied and like satin, with the flavour of ripe raspberries and the scent of earthy violets; and it arrived just in time, I remember, to be introduced to a fine brace of pheasants."

HE also remembers the days when you could only get Pimms No. 1 Cup at Pimms in the Poultry, and says that when properly made "it has the smell of the damp banks of a stream and the meadow-sweet that grows there, and the taste is of something sweeter than either."

He wonders if anyone is laying down port today at 240 shillings a dozen for 45s, or 210 shillings for 47s, and asks if any father is bringing up his son "in the tradition and ritual of port drinking? Limbo of the past. Can we reckon on a cellar remaining unscathed for the next twenty years?" He talks of many of the great port shippers and concludes the paragraph very modestly: "... and last but not least—because it is our family Port—Dixon's Double Diamond" beloved by Charles Dickens and still shipped by the firm of Morgan Bros. of Oporto—one of the rather less known vintage shippers of the past—whose founder was my great-great-grandfather Aaron Morgan," which obviously gave him hereditary qualifications for the appreciation of fine wine.

SO far as food is concerned he covers a wide field, not only describing some great meals of the past but giving many recipes.

He has a chapter on American food, of which he very much approves, describing most of it as a *pot-pourri* of European cookery.

There is also a chapter on cheese which describes an astonishing method of eating Gorgonzola, two slices of which have to be spread with butter and eaten as a sandwich, simultaneously inhaling the smoke of a Russian cigarette. Of cigars he says: "Even more than wines they are a matter of individual taste, and a good cigar is a good cigar only when it appeals to the individual smoker."

You will enjoy this book. You can learn and laugh at the same time.

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

### Game pies without crusts

IF you like pâtés in general, those made of game will probably appeal to you. I think that one of the best times to enjoy them is when one returns from an afternoon's walk on a crisp autumn day, and has a slice of pâté, with salad, for "high tea." A busy woman who likes to entertain will find a pâté a great help. Here, then, are two—the first a partridge and the other a hare. Both require some time to prepare but, once in the terrine, they can be forgotten for a couple of hours or so while they cook slowly.

"A 'Terrine' or Patty," says Escoffier, "is only a pie without a crust," which is one of the most direct definitions I have ever read.

SKIN and bone a young partridge and cut the meat into slices. Pass 4 oz. each of chicken livers and cooked ham, together with any little bits of partridge picked from the bones, through the finest cutter of a mincing-machine or, if you have an electric liquidizer, use it. Rub through a sieve. Stand the bowl, surrounded with ice, in a pan and whip into the mixture  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint single cream and half an egg white. Beat together until well blended and thickened, then season to taste with salt, freshly milled pepper, a few grains of Cayenne and a pinch of ground allspice.

Line a small terrine with very thinly cut slices of unsmoked bacon or very thin pork fat, which you may be able to get from the butcher. Spread the inside with some of the liver-ham paste. Add several strips of partridge, then more paste. Wrap the yolk of a hard-boiled egg in a thin strip of the partridge breast and place it in the centre. Cover with partridge strips and more paste, then top with thinly sliced bacon or pork fat and a bay leaf.

Put on the lid and seal it with a flour-and-water paste. Stand the terrine in an inch of hot water in a baking-pan and cook for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours in a slow oven (300 to 325 deg. F. or No. 2 in a gas oven). Remove the lid, place a weighted plate on top of the pâté and leave overnight. Serve from the terrine.

HERE is a very simple version of a more elaborate Hare Pâté: Cut the meat from a young hare and weigh it. Allow twice as much unsmoked streaky bacon and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. veal. Pass all these, including the hare liver, through a mincing-machine (or use an electric liquidizer). Rub through a sieve and season with salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. Very well beat in an egg and a measure each of brandy and sherry.

Line a terrine with unsmoked bacon or thinly-sliced fresh pork fat, as for the Partridge Pâté, and fill in with the sieved mixture. Cover with more unsmoked bacon or fresh pork fat and place a bay leaf and a pinch of powdered thyme on top. Proceed as for Partridge Pâté.

This Hare Pâté can be made in 2 to 3 small terrines instead of one large one. When the pâté is cold, pour a little melted pork fat on top to make sure of a perfect seal. It will then keep for several weeks in the refrigerator.

A Rabbit Pâté can be made in the same way.

PEELING potatoes is an irksome task and, to date, all the potato-peeling machines I have met have been something of a luxury. Recently, however, the French people responsible for those very useful *mouli-legumes* have introduced one called "Legumex," costing only 69s. 6d.

It is really quite ingenious. The inside and the "fingers" in the lid are lined with an abrasive material. A layer of potatoes is placed in the machine and the lid is closed. The appliance is then placed in the sink with water reaching about half-way up. One then turns the handle forty to fifty times and the peel is neatly removed, though there is little or no trace of it!

I have also peeled carrots (cut in suitable pieces) in the machine and I imagine that it would peel parsnips and smoothish Jerusalem artichokes equally efficiently. Large potatoes should first be halved and "jumbo" ones quartered.

—Helen Burke





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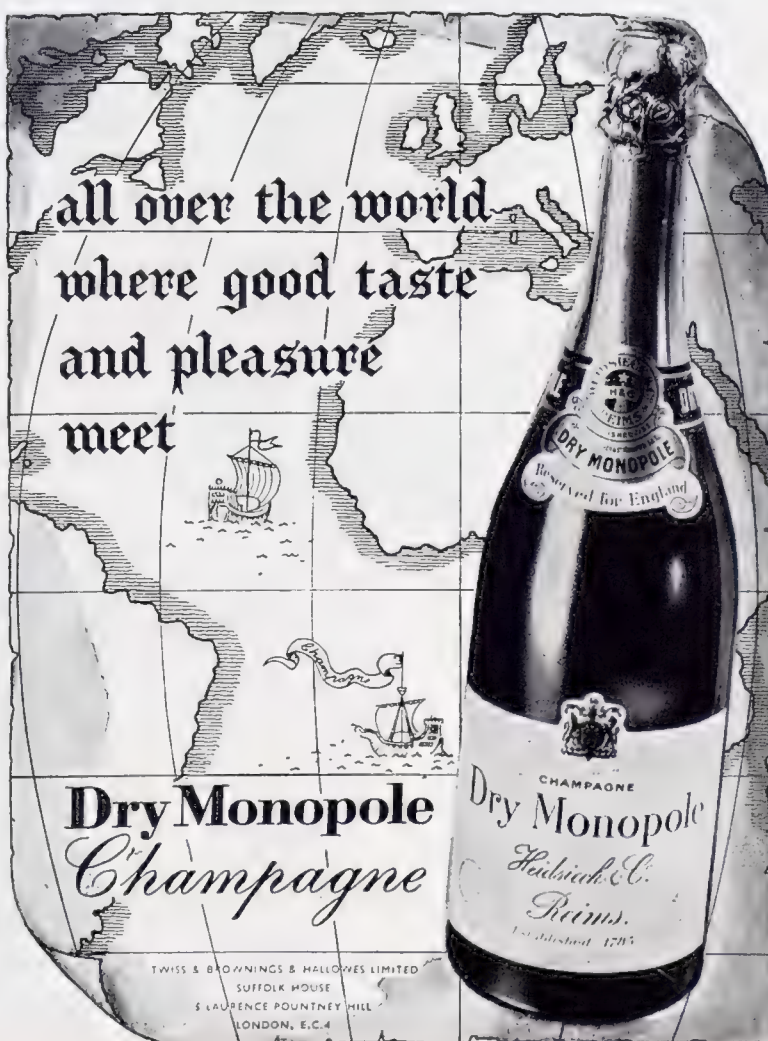


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*Miss Caroline M. R. Holland, daughter of the late Mr. H. D. Holland and of Mrs. Holland, of the Crossways, Englefield Green, Surrey, has announced her engagement to Lt. Anthony C. R. Fane, R.N., only son of Major the Hon. Mountjoy and Mrs. Fane, of the Old Rectory, Careby, Stamford, Lincolnshire*



*Miss Muriel Gilbert, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gilbert, of Darlington, is engaged to Mr. C. D. Bradshaw, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Bradshaw, of Little Wolford Manor, Shipston-on-Stour, Worcs*

*Dorothy Williams*



*Miss Elizabeth Ann Cooper, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willis C. Cooper, of Tintern, Esher Close, Esher, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Walter Strang Symington Maclay, elder son of Dr. the Hon. Walter and Mrs. Maclay, of Millwaters, Newbury, Berkshire*



*Miss Angela Judith Troidahl, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Troidahl, of Priestfield Lodge, Burnopfield, Co. Durham, has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Charles Long, son of Lt.-Col. R. A. Long, of Marwood, Barnstaple, Devon, and Mrs. A. M. Long, of Sudborough, Kettering, Northamptonshire*

*Lenore*



*Miss Katharine Annesley Francis, whose engagement is announced to Mr. John Alexander Henderson, son of Col. and Mrs. T. L. Henderson, of Cobbleside, Milverton, Somerset, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Carwardine Francis, of West Monkton, Taunton, Somerset*

*Fayer*



*Miss Dora C. M. Manning, youngest daughter of the late Brig. Sir William Manning and of Lady Manning, of Hampton Court, is engaged to Mr. Gilbert A. K. Reuss, youngest son of the late Mr. R. B. L. Reuss and of Mrs. Reuss, of Hook Heath, Woking*

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models, and many touches of refinement and detail.

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**Johnson—Johnson.** Mr. Hugh Graham Johnson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Johnson, of Briar Rigg, Keswick, married Margaret Elma Milne Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Johnson, Kirkby Lodge, Maryport, at the Church St. Mary, Maryport, Cumberland



**Figg—Brown.** At Cuckfield Church, Sussex, Mr. Leonard Clifford William Figg, only son of the late Sir Clifford Figg and of Lady Figg, of Albert Court, S.W.7, married Miss Jane Rosemary Isabel Brown, daughter of Mr. Harold Brown, G.C., and Mrs. Brown, of Weald Chase, Cuckfield



**McDowell—Bagshawe.** Mr. James Michael McDowell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor McDowell, of Courtenay Avenue, Hampstead Lane, N.6, married Miss Mildred Anne Bagshawe, elder daughter of Mr. and Mr. Edward Bagshawe, of The Warren, Radlett, Herts, at St. James's, Spanish Place

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Moss—Levi.** Mr. Montague George Moss, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Moss, of Roysted, Godalming, Surrey, married at the West London Synagogue Miss Naomi Ruth (Jane) Levi, daughter of Mr. David Levi, M.S., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Levi, of Hollycroft Avenue, N.W.3. The reception was at the Royal College of Surgeons



**Salvin—Green.** At Ampleforth Abbey, Yorks, Capt. Gerard Maurice Salvin, 4/7 Royal Dragoon Guards, son of the late Mr. M. L. Roberts, and of Mrs. Roberts, of Hollingside, Durham, married Miss Rosemary P. R. Green, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. Green, of the Manor House, Carlton Husthwaite, Yorks



**Carnegie—Sinclair.** Capt. Robin Macdonald Carnegie, 7th Queens Own Hussars, son of the late Sir Francis Carnegie, C.B.E., and of Lady Carnegie, of Blackheath, S.E., married at Funtington, Sussex, Miss Iona Sinclair, daughter of Maj.-Gen. Sir John Sinclair, K.C.M.G., C.B., O.B.E., and Lady Sinclair, of East Ashling Grange, Chichester

## Book Reviews (Continuing from page 179)

### Dour struggle with a dead-hand

ENGLAND produces, in R. C. Hutchinson, a novelist not shy of the vital issues, and drawn, like M. Mauriac, to strange situations. *THE STEPMOTHER* (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) is no ordinary rendering of a theme to which so much of fiction has lent itself—a woman's relationship with her husband's children. The Canadian heroine, Catherine Ashland, is in her forties; this is her first marriage. Her English husband, Lawrence, is still obsessed by the memory of his first wife: he has made clear to Catherine that he can, therefore, in no way offer her a complete love. And the late Josie, a beautiful, saintly cripple, is still also adored and idealized by her son and daughter. The scene is laid in the Ashlands' eighteenth-century house, at the edge of a village not far from London.

CATHERINE, the newcomer—and, some think, intruder—feels herself to be living in a vacuum: can one wonder? The house itself, faultless to the point of being lifeless, is still Josie's, down to the smallest detail. Lawrence, a high-up Civil Servant, away for most of the week in London, preserves a kindly formality with his second wife—to a point, she supposes, she is a help to him. The crux of the story is to come in Catherine's dealing with Stephen,



"DURNFORD, WILTSHIRE," the property of Lord Tryon, is one of the pictures shown by James Bailey, the stage designer, at his Redfern Gallery exhibition. Mr. Bailey, a son of the late Lt.-Col. F. G. C. Bailey and of Lady Janet Bailey, has designed the sets and costumes for *Summer Time*, a new play by Ugo Betti, opening in London next month

Lawrence's son. (Patty, the daughter, elsewhere happily married, only enters the picture later and is no problem.)

Stephen's war record has been marred by a sinister episode of violence, hushed up, never fully explained. In Germany he shot a fellow-officer, under circumstances

which he, Stephen, still looks on as justifying the act. This is bad enough; worse, it is in keeping with the young man's general character, callous arrogance, plus contempt and hostility for the world in general, his home and his father. Catherine, taking her courage in both hands, essays to cope with Stephen where others have failed.

Nothing is made easier by Stephen's engagement to Vere, a defiant, dreary and hard-boiled little blonde. Vere is a widow—whose? The answer to that provides at least one key to Stephen's mentality. Slowly, not without battle, an understanding, verging on something deeper, comes into being between stepson and stepmother. Stephen's dangerous illness dissolves barriers: in the sickroom, where Catherine nurses him, a strange metaphysical relationship begins.

How can this warped, bitter, tied-up-into-knots young man be the son and handiwork of the radiant Josie? Catherine wonders; the reader wonders. Catherine's pursuit of the truth, to redeem Stephen, makes part of *The Stepmother* not unlike a psychological detective story. As a whole, the novel is lit up by Mr. Hutchinson's almost unearthly vision of earthly beings. This is not the best of his novels—but his standard is high! I'm not sure that Vere, with her "ghastly baby," is not, this time, his most memorable character.

Catherine is fine, attractive and altogether real, but for one thing—I query her vocabulary. Would a Canadian lady, of good family, background and education, plus a fairly sophisticated ten years in Europe, say "okay" so often—if, indeed, at all? And other North American schoolgirl *gaucheries* of speech crop up. I just don't believe this particular woman would have used them!

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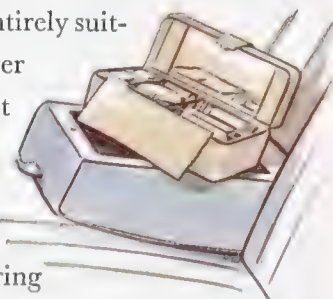


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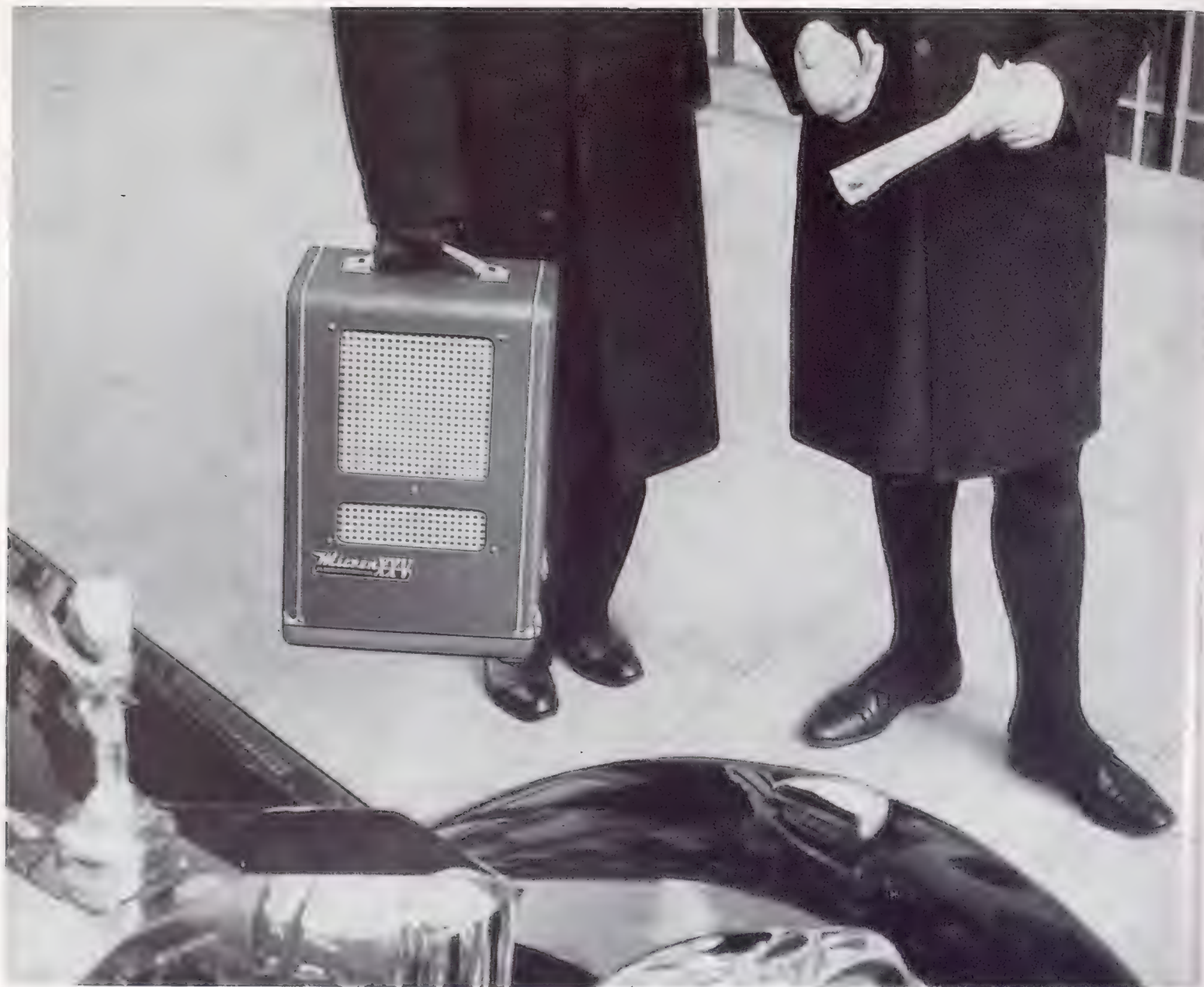


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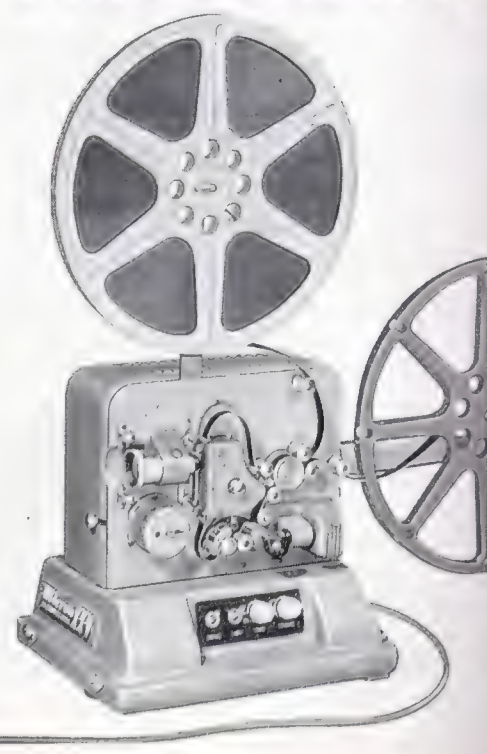
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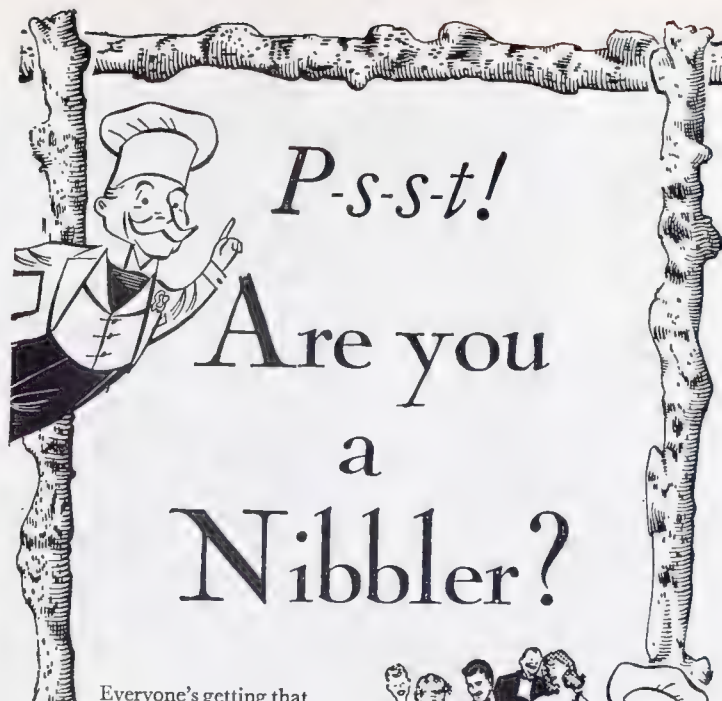
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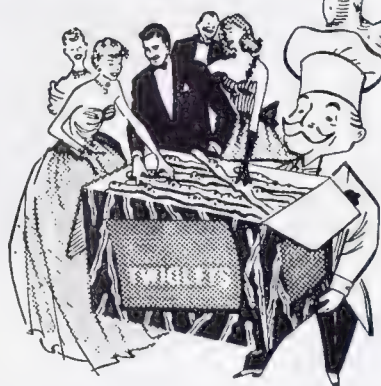
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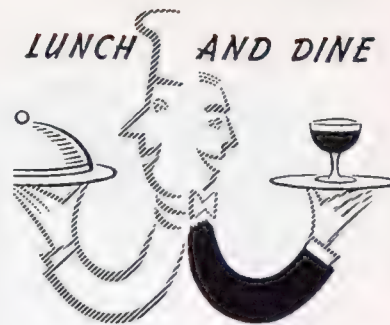
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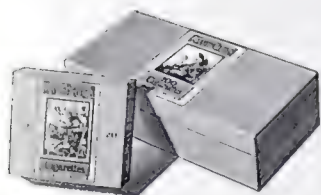
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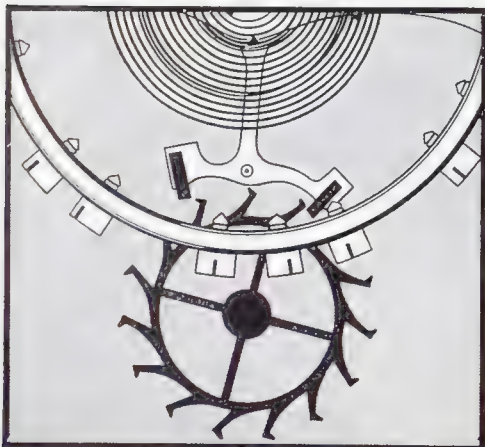
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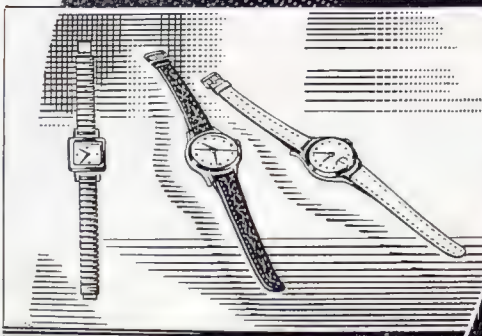
Your jeweller, being a trained expert, will explain. Prices vary (he'll say) because materials and workmanship vary, especially inside watches. A reliable lasting watch needn't be expensive but can't be dirt-cheap because there are three 'musts'. (1) Incredibly precise workmanship. (2) Very long-wearing metal parts. (3) Jewels at certain vital points, especially the two in our diagram below.

Every good Swiss jewelled-lever watch passes these tests triumphantly. Your jeweller will explain this fully; he'll show you how wide is your choice; and he'll help you to choose wisely.



#### THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

*These two jewels on the lever-arm lock and release the escape-wheel teeth 432,000 times a day. Only jewels are hard enough to resist wear at this point for years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.*



COLLETT.

*Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard*

SWISS FEDERATION OF  
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- 1953** Sunbeam won 4 *Coupe des Alpes*, and the *Coupe des Dames* in the Alpine, the Team Prize in the Monte Carlo.
- 1954** The Supreme Award, Gold Cup and the *Coupe des Dames* in the Alpine, Team Prize in the Monte Carlo.
- 1955** The Outright Winner, the *Coupe des Dames* and L'Equipo Cup (Best Three cars same make) in the Monte Carlo.

**Sunbeam** MK III  
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Outright winner of the Monte Carlo Rally

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**New Vitamin Hair Tonic**



'Pantene' contains Panthenol

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Venezuela  
(La Guaira)  
Plymouth Dec. 23

# French Line



## Gentlemen's Agreement



Giles and Charles have taken to being very civil about each other's Wolseley. "I must say," says Giles, "that your Four-Fortyfour has a wonderful performance for a 1½ litre and is much more roomy and comfortable than one would suspect from its graceful lines." "And I'll admit," says Charles, "that I often hanker after the extra power and acceleration of your Six-Ninety. Let's agree anyhow that both cars have something which has always been characteristic of Wolseleys—a kind of quiet distinction—which is difficult to explain but which conveys a lot to one's friends."

# WOLSELEY



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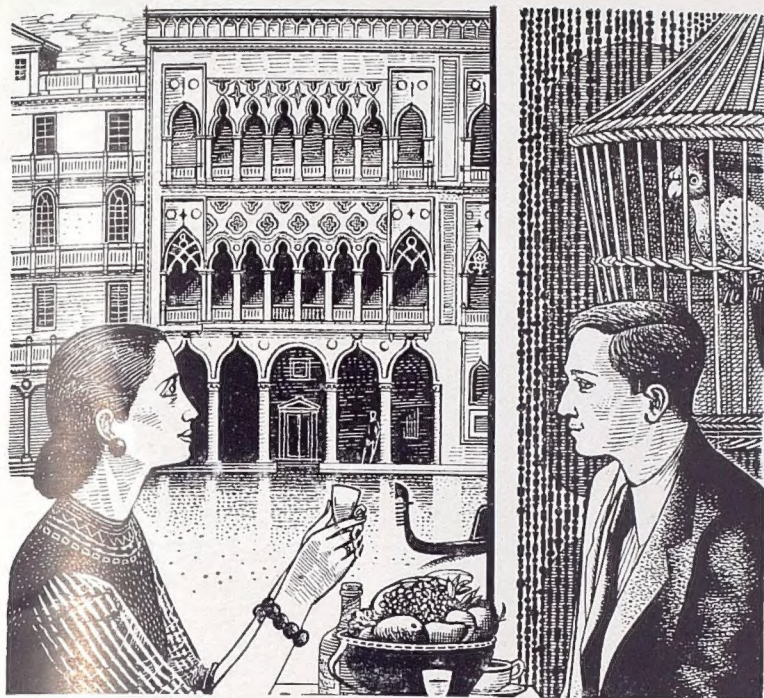
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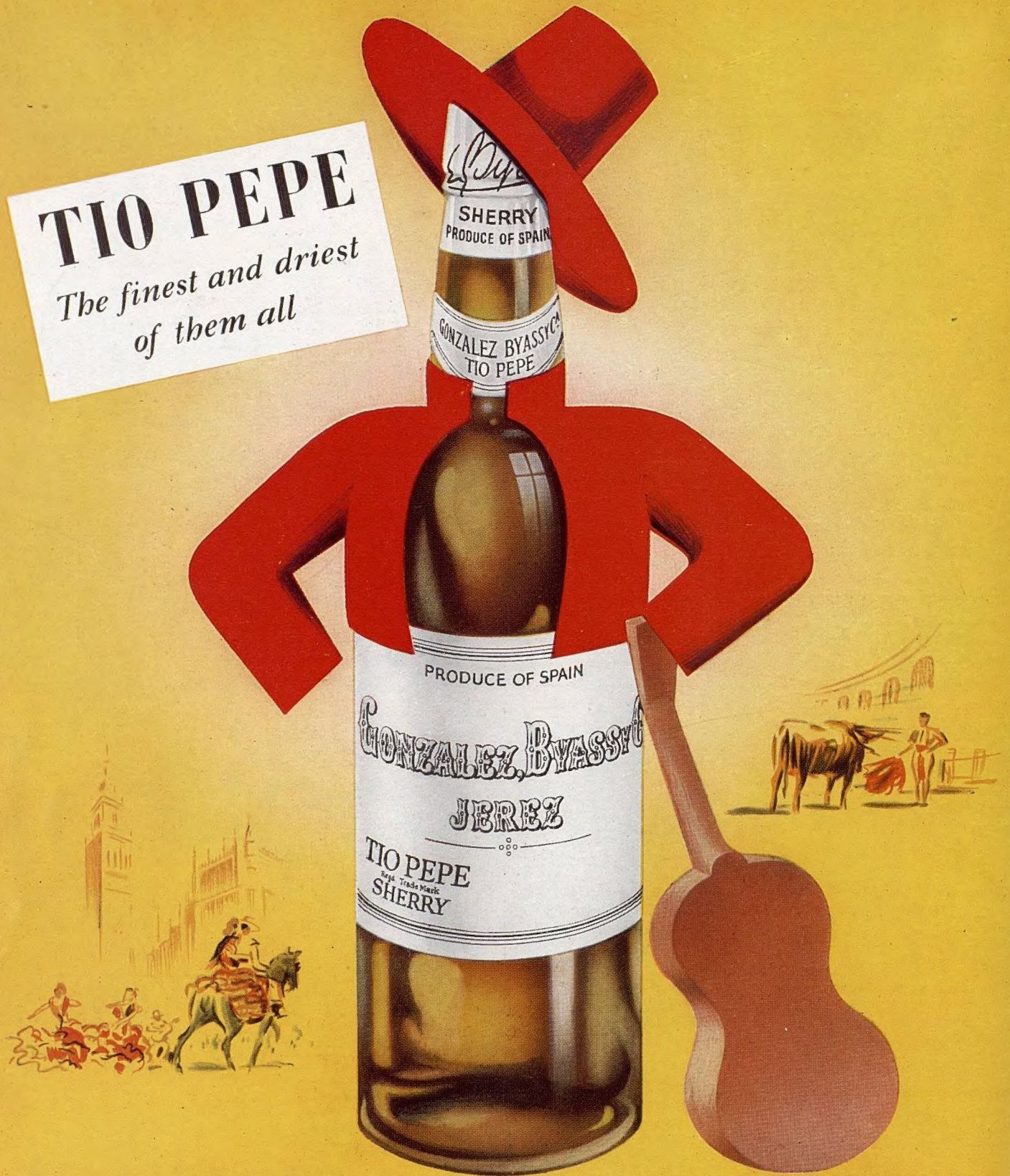


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